

THE
PURSUITS OF LITERATURE:

A SATIRICAL POEM

IN DIALOGUE.

WITH NOTES.

PART THE FOURTH AND LAST.

THE SECOND EDITION.

[PRICE THREE SHILLINGS AND SIX-PENCE.]

RESULTS OF LITERATURE

STATISTICAL FORM

IN DIALOGUE

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PRINTED FOR IS BUCKLE, No. 6, FINE SQUARE

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IN DIALOGUE.

WITH NOTES.

Οὐδ' αλασκοπίνην εἶχε κρείων Ἐνοσίχθων·
 Καὶ γὰρ ὁ θαυμάζων ἦστο Πτολεμοντε Μάχηντε,
 Ὑψὲς ἐπ' ἀκροτάτης κορυφῆς Σάμης ὕλησσης
 Θρηϊκίης, ἐνθεν γὰρ ἐφαίνετο πᾶσα μὲν Ἰδὴ,
 Φαίνετο δὲ Πριάμοιο πόλις, καὶ νῆες Ἀχαιῶν·
 Αὐτίκα δ' ἐξ ὄρεος κατέβησατο παιπαλοέεντος·
 ΤΡΙΣ μὲν ὀρέζατ' ἰών, ΤΟ ΔΕ ΤΕΤΡΑΤΟΝ ἴκετο τεκμῶν·
 Αἶγας, ἐνθα δὲ οἱ κλυτὰ δώματα ΒΕΝΘΕΣΙ ΛΙΜΝΗΣ
 Χρυσέα μαρμαίροντα τέτευχται, ἀφθίτα αἰεὶ.

Hom. Il. 13. v. 10.

PART THE FOURTH AND LAST.

THE SECOND EDITION.

REVISED AND CORRECTED WITH MANY ADDITIONS.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. BECKET, No. 81, PALL MALL.

1797.

Lately Published (price 1s. 6d.) A New Edition of

THE IMPERIAL EPISTLE from KIEN LÖNE, Emperor of China, to GEORGE the Third, King of Great Britain, &c. &c. in the Year 1794. Transmitted from the Emperor, and presented to his Britannick Majesty by his Excellency the Right Hon. George Earl Macartney, of the Kingdom of Ireland, K.B. Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the Emperor of China, in the Years 1792, 1793, 1794. Translated into English Verse from the Original Chinese Poetry. With notes by various Persons of Eminence and Distinction, and by the Translator.

*Ignotum Rutulis Carmen cæloque Latino
Fingimus, et Finem egressi Legemque priorum.*

N. B. It is thought proper to mention, that THE IMPERIAL EPISTLE is not a burlesque Poem in any sense of the word. But it is a POEM built upon the circumstances of the times, delineating the Characters of the Statesmen of Great Britain, with satire, pleasantry, or with praise; and exhibiting a picture of Europe at the period of its date. The whole is as the title implies conveyed under Chinese imagery and allusions, illustrated by references to original Writers, consistent with its Plan and Subject.

Printed for T. Becket, Pall-Mall.

ERRATUM.

In the Preface to the Third Part of the P. of L. page 8. l. 2. from the bottom, for "sufficient," read "insufficient."

ADVERTISEMENT

TO

THE FOURTH AND LAST PART

OF THE

PURSUIITS OF LITERATURE.

L'OMBRA SUA TORNA CH'ERA DIPARTITA!

Dante.

"Hear his speech, but say thou nought."

"But one word more:—"

"He will not be commanded!"

Macbeth,

JUNE 1797.

AS I have now brought my Poem to the conclusion which I intended, it is proper and, as I think, respectful to offer some considerations to the public, for whose use it was written. No imitation of any writer or of any poem was proposed, except the adherence to the principles of just composition and a *general* observation of the finished models of classical literature be considered as such. In the Preface to the First Part I said, what I now repeat, that I would not have printed it, but from a full conviction of it's *tendency* to promote the public welfare. My particular ideas on the nature and subject of SATIRE I expressed clearly and fully in the Advertisement to the Second Part, and under the influence and impresson of those sentiments (a) I wrote the Poem. In my introduction to the Third Part, feeling the importance of my subject in it's various branches, I asserted that, "LITERATURE, *well or ill conducted*, IS THE GREAT ENGINE *by which*, I am fully persuaded, ALL CIVILIZED STATES must ultimately be supported or overthrown." I am now

PART IV.

more

NOTE.

(a) Ἄλλοις κηρύξας, ἑαυτὸς ἀδοκίματος, Such is the condition of a Satirist.

more and more deeply impressed with this truth, if we consider the nature, variety and extent of the word, Literature. We are no longer in an age of ignorance, and information is not partially distributed according to the ranks, and orders, and functions, and dignities of social life. All learning has an index, and every science it's abridgment. I am scarcely able to name any man whom I consider as wholly ignorant. We no longer look exclusively for learned authors in the usual place, in the retreats of academic erudition and in the seats of religion. Our peasantry now read the *Rights of Man* on mountains and moors and by the way side; and shepherds make the analogy between their occupation and that of their governors. Happy indeed, had they been taught no other comparison. Our *unsexed* female writers now instruct or confuse us and themselves in the labyrinth of politics, or turn us wild with Gallic frenzy.

But there is one publication of the time too peculiar and too important to be passed over in a general reprehension. There is nothing with which it may be compared. A legislator in our own parliament, a member of the House of Commons of Great Britain, an elected guardian and defender of the laws, the religion, and the good manners of the country, has neither scrupled nor blushed, to depict and to publish to the world the arts of lewd and systematic seduction, and to thrust upon the nation the most open and unqualified blasphemy against the very code and volume of our religion. And all this, with his name, style, and title, prefixed to the novel or romance called "THE MONK." (b) And one of our public theatres has allured the public attention *still more to* this

NOTE.

(b) "THE MONK, a Romance in 3 volumes by M. LEWIS, Esq. M.P." printed for Bell, Oxford Street. At first I thought that the name and title of the author were fictitious, and some of the *public* papers hinted it. But I have been solemnly and repeatedly assured that it is the writing and publication of M. LEWIS, Esq. *Member of Parliament*. It is sufficient for me to point out Chap. 7. of Vol. 2. As a composition the work would have been better, if the offensive

this novel, by a scenic representation of an Episode in it, not wholly uninteresting. "*O Proceres, Censore*
b 2 opus

NOTE.

sive and scandalous passages had been omitted, and it is disgraced by a *diablerie* and nonsense fitted only to frighten children in the nursery. I believe this 7th Chap. of Vol. 2. is actionable at Common Law. Edmund Curl in the first year of George II. was prosecuted by the Attorney General (Sir Philip Yorke afterwards Lord Hardwicke) for printing two obscene books. The Attorney General set forth the several obscene passages, and concluded, that it was an offence against the King's peace. The defendant was found guilty and set in the pillory.* See Str. 788. 1 Barnardist 29. We know the proceedings against the book, entitled "Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure," by John Cleland. To the passages of obscenity, (which certainly I shall not copy in this place) Mr. Lewis has added blasphemy against the Scriptures; if the following passage may be considered as such. "He (the Monk) examined the book which she (Antonia) had been reading, and had now placed upon the table. It was THE BIBLE. 'How,' said the Prior to himself, 'Antonia reads the Bible, and is still so ignorant?'" But upon further inspection he found that Elvira (the mother of Antonia) had made exactly the same remark. That prudent mother, while she admired the beauties of THE SACRED WRITINGS, was convinced, that unre-
stricted,

NOTE ON THE NOTE.

* The indictment (in Mich. Term 1 G. II. begins thus: "Edmund Curl, Existens hominiquus et sceleratus nequiter machinans et intendens bonos mores subditorum hujus regni corrumpere, et eos ad nequitiam inducere, quendam obscenum libellum intitulat," &c. &c.—See Sir John Strange's Rep. p. 777. Ed. 1782. In two or three days after the point had been solemnly argued, and the judges had given their respective opinions, Sir J. Strange observes, "They gave it as their unanimous opinion, that this was a temporal offence." And they declared also that if the famous case of the Queen against Read (6 Ann. in B. R.) was to be adjudged (by them) they should rule it otherwise; i. e. contrary to Lord Ch. J. Holt's opinion.—The Judges were Sir Robert (afterwards Lord) Raymond, Fortescue, Reynolds, and Probyn.

*opus est, an Haruspice nobis?**" I consider this as a new species of legislative or state-parricide. What is it to the

NOTE.

" *stricter, no reading more improper could be permitted a young woman. Many of the narratives can only tend to excite ideas the worst calculated for a female breast; every thing is called roundly and plainly by it's own name; and the annals of a brothel would scarcely furnish a greater choice of indecent expressions. Yet this is the book which young women are recommended to study, which is put into the hands of children, able to comprehend little more than those passages of which they had better remain ignorant, and which but too frequently inculcate the first rudiments of vice, and give the first alarm to the still sleeping passions. Of this Elvira was so fully convinced, that she would have preferred putting into her daughter's hands Amadis de Gaul, or the Valiant Champion Tirante the White; and would sooner have authorised her studying the lewd exploits of Don Gallaor, or the lascivious jokes of the Damzel Plazer de mi vida.*" (p. 247, 248.) &c. I state only what is printed. It is for others to read it and to judge. The falshood of this passage is not more gross than it's impiety. In the case of Thomas Woolston, in the 2d. of George II. for blasphemous discourses against our Saviour's miracles, when arrest of judgment was moved, Lord Raymond and the whole Court declared they would not suffer it to be debated, *whether to write against Christianity in general (not concerning controverted points between the learned, but in general) was not an offence punishable in the temporal Courts of Common Law. Woolston was imprisoned one year, and entered into a large recognizance for his good behaviour during life. Sir Philip Yorke, afterwards Lord Hardwicke, was Attorney General at the time. The case of the King against Annet, when the Hon. Charles Yorke, was Attorney General, (3d of Geo. III.) for a blasphemous book entitled "The Free Inquirer," tending, among other points, to ridicule, traduce and discredit the HOLY SCRIPTURES, is well known to the profession. The punishment was uncommonly severe. Whether the passage I have quoted in a popular novel, has not a tendency to corrupt the minds of the people, and of the younger*

the kingdom at large, or what is it to all those whose office it is to maintain truth, and to instruct the rising abilities and hope of England, that the author of it is a *very young man*? That forsooth he is a man of genius and fancy? So much the worse. That there are very poetical descriptions of castles and abbies in this novel? So much the worse again, the novel is *more alluring* on that account. Is this a time to poison the waters of our land in their springs and fountains? Are we to add incitement to incitement and corruption to corruption, till there neither is, nor can be, a return to virtuous action and to regulated life? Who knows *the age* of this author? I presume, very few. *Who does not know*, that he is a Member of Parliament? He has told us all so himself. I pretend not to know, (Sir John Scott does know, and practises too, whatever is honourable and virtuous and dignified in learning and professional ability) I pretend not, I say, to know, whether this be an object of parliamentary animadversion. Prudence may possibly forbid it. But we can feel that it is an object of moral and of national reprehension, when a Senator transgresses and violates his first duty to his (*d*) country. There are wounds and ob-

NOTE.

ger unsuspecting part of the female sex, by traducing and discrediting THE HOLY SCRIPTURES, is a matter of public consideration.—“*This book goes all over the kingdom*,” are the words of Judge Reynolds, in the case of E. Curl. What Mr. Lewis has printed *publicly with his name*, that I state publicly to the nation. Few will dissent from the opinion of Lord Raymond and the Court, in the case of Curl above stated, as reported by Strange and Barnardiston to this effect; “Religion is *part of the common law*, and therefore *whatever is an offence against that, is an offence against THE COMMON LAW*.” With this *opinion*, I conclude the note.

(*d*) All members of the legislature, Peers or Commons, should join in sentiment and in character with the Athenian orator, and be considered as speaking to their country in these words: “*Ἡμεῖς, οἱς ἱερά καὶ ταφοὶ προγόνων ὑπαρχουσιν ἐν τῇ Πατρίδι, καὶ διατρίβαι, καὶ συσθεῖναι μεθ’ ὑμῶν ἐλευθεροὶ, καὶ γάμοι κατὰ τὴν νόμον, καὶ κηδεσθαι,*
“ *καὶ*

obstructions and diseases in the political, as well as in the natural, body, for which the removal of the part affected is alone efficacious. At an hour like this, are we to stand in consultation on the remedy, when not only the disease is ascertained, but the very stage of the disease and its specific symptoms? Are we to spare the sharpest instruments of authority and of censure, when public establishments are gangrened in the life-organs?

I fear, if our legislators are wholly regardless of such writings and of such principles *among their own members*, it may be said to them, as the Roman Satirist said to the patricians of the empire, for offences slight indeed, when compared to these.

“ At vos, Trojugenæ, vobis ignoscitis, et quæ Turpia cædoni Volesos Brutosque decebunt. (c)

There is surely something peculiar in these days; something wholly unknown to our ancestors. But men, however dignified in their political station, or gifted with genius and fortune and accomplishments, may at least be made ashamed, or alarmed, or convicted before the tribunal of public opinion. Before that tribunal, and to the law of reputation, and every binding and powerful sanction by which that law is enforced, is Mr. LEWIS this day called to answer.

But to return. The objects of public regret and offence are *now* so numerous and so complicated, that all the milder offices of the Muse have lost their influence and attraction. It is indeed unfortunate that scarce a subject in literature can be interesting without the science and matter of politics. (f) They give a colour to our very thoughts. We are borne down with a force not to be

NOTE.

“ και τεκνα, αἱ οἱ τῆς ὑμετέρας πίστεως. κτλ. Æschin: περί Παραπρεσβείας. Sect. 11.

(c) Juv. Sat. 8. v. 181.

resisted, when our very existence, as a nation under its
ancient

NOTE.

(f) "*Quibus occupatus et obsessus animus quantum loci bonis artibus relinquit!*" Dialog. de Oratoribus C 29.—I cannot resist giving an opinion at *this* time. My prime objection to any proposed Ministry of Mr. Fox and his adherents is this. I believe their principles are *too popular* for the good, the safety, or perhaps for the existence, of this country under its present constitution: I believe, that their design is to throw such a weight of power into the house of Commons, *by means of a Reform*, as would ultimately mould the two Houses of Parliament not merely into a resemblance, but into the actual form and relative power of the Council of Five Hundred and the Council of Ancients; and I am of opinion, that the authority and influence of the Crown of Great Britain would be reduced far below that which is lodged in the Executive Directory of France. I think the proposed Reforms *lead*, beyond a controversy, *to this issue*. I am of opinion that a great Personage, in the case of a change of Mr. Pitt's Ministry, must be apprehensive, *to whom* he is to be delivered, and *to what* he may be reduced. *The pride* of a statesman's understanding, like Mr. Fox's, in the plenitude of dignity will overbear all ideas of a balance of power in the orders of the state and of the safety of the country upon its ancient principles. He has declared his opinion; he must not recede. All will be sacrificed *to that pride* in a moment of phrenzy. The example of every state, nation, and city, subdued by French arms, French principles and French treachery, is to be weighed well, as an awful warning *in this kingdom*, which may yet be preserved. The encroachments of such a statesman, as Mr. Fox, (paramount as he is in ability and in *political* eloquence beyond any man) are to be watched and resisted by all who think soberly, and are independent of party. Yet Mr. Fox neither could nor would satisfy the raving and tyrannical ideas of Horne Tooke and the French crew. They would make use of him to a certain point. They would then declare him an enemy to his country, and conduct him to the scaffold. "*Corpora lenté augescunt, cito extinguuntur.*" § The security of property, public and private, is shaken by the proposed system, and a Revolution, (which

ancient laws and constitution and establishments, has been rendered dubious. A man of a poetical mind either wanders

NOTE.

we never yet have known but in mere name) might then be at hand. A government, which once relaxes, is not easily recalled to the vigour of its ancient principles. We have statesmen of determined and of true patriotism, and this final misery may yet be prevented. We have a King, who has courage, virtue, and firmness. Of his Minister, the Right Hon. Wm. Pitt, I have given my opinion often in another place; I have not altered my sentiment. I certainly cannot say with the great satirist under Louis the 14th,

“Que ma vie à COLBERT inspiroit l'allégresse.” § I speak, and I have spoken, impartially of MR. PITT. I am neither for a proscription of any political talents, nor for an hereditary claim to the public office of Prime Minister. But if the principles of any statesman are such as to induce a *real and effectual change* in the government, that statesman should not be admitted to rule. If the ancient and established principles of the English constitution are maintained, a Prime Minister may conduct public affairs even with a mediocrity of talent. It is neither Mr. Pitt, nor Lord Lansdown, nor Mr. Fox, nor Mr. Grey, who are necessary to the function. But, by the disastrous consent of the whole nation and its Parliament, thinking rightly, proposing soundly, and meaning honestly, are nothing *without SPEAKING WELL*.—Let me add a word or two on a subject not quite foreign to this note.—The example of a very learned and, in my opinion, of a very virtuous and honourable man, to whom the country is under some obligation, MR. REEVES, will deter any man from *volunteer effusions* in favour of any Minister. It would not be amiss, to be sure, if Mr. R. or any other writer would read Quintilian on tropes and metaphors, before he adorns his native language with all the richness of imagery, and exerts the command, which nature gives him, over the figures of speech. *Trunco, non frondibus, efficit umbram*. For my own part, when his pamphlet “The Thoughts on the English Government” was published, I never felt more indignation than when I saw this gentleman ungenerously and shamefully abandoned and given up by Mr. Pitt in the H. of Commons to the malice of his

wanders into futurity, or recalls the images of other times and of other empires. He can sometimes even descend

NOTE.

his avowed enemies, and to a criminal prosecution in the Court of King's Bench. He was solemnly acquitted of any libellous intention; but his language was imprudent. He fell a victim to metaphorical luxuriance and state-botany. —(See "Thoughts &c." as above, pag. 12 and 13 for Mr. Reeves's Simile of the Constitutional Tree and it's Branches.)

I will propose another subject for consideration.—If any man would peruse the account given by *Thucydides* of the democratic sedition in Corcyra, (Book 3.) he would be convinced that the same peculiarities mark all popular seditions and insurrections, the same pretexts, the same motives. The insurgents declare the friends of the lawful and established government enemies to the popular representation and interest. Some of these insurgents have private enmities to revenge, and others have debts to cancel: death is the universal solvent. Hear the great Historian: "Τὴν μὲν αἰτίαν ἐπιφερόντες τοῖς τὸν Δῆμον καταλύουσιν. Απεθάνοντι τινες ἰδίας ἐχθρὰς ἕνεκα, καὶ ἄλλοι χρημάτων σφίσι φιλομενῶν ὑπὸ τῶν λαόντων." Sect. 81. The historian observes, they held forth either the specious offer of greater equality of power among the citizens, or a more temperate form of aristocracy, or some state-expedient varying with the hour; but each leader in reality had his own private views of ambition, or power, or riches, but accommodated his speeches to the prevailing humour of the day. Hear him again in his own language. "Οἱ ἐν ταῖς πόλεσιν προστάντες μετ' ὀνόματος ἑκάστοις εὐπρεπὲς, πληθὺς ἰσονομίας πολιτικῆς, καὶ ἀριστοκρατίας σωφρονος προτιμῆσαι, τὰ μὲν κοινὰ λόγῳ θεραπεύοντες ἀθλὰ ἐποιεῖντο, πάντι δὲ τρόπῳ ἀγωνιζόμενοι ἀλλήλων περιγίγνεσθαι"—καὶ ἡ μετὰ ψήφου ἀδικὴ καταγνώσεως, ἡ χεὶρ κτῶμενοι τὸ κράτειν ἐτοιμοὶ ἦσαν τὴν αὐτὴν φιλονεικίαν ἐμπιμπλάειν." Ib. Sect. 82. This, as we have all known, has been transacted step by step upon a great and tremendous scale in France. The Italian and Belgian states are following them with headstrong and infuriate revolution. WE HAVE INDEED MORE TO PRESERVE THAN ANY OTHER COUNTRY under heaven, and we may, by wise regulations, hereafter restore even the finances of the state. We must never forget that the stability of our present Constitution is the sole

scend into the regions of terrific fable, and give to his own country the sentiments and passions of antiquity, and body forth contending parties which are no more, of the virtuous and the valiant, of the wicked the desperate and the frantic. At such an hour as the present, and with the objects which we see and hear and feel, with the exultation of the bad, and the dejection of the good, and the labours of great statesmen to preserve us from final misery, can we forbear to contemplate the picture drawn by that poet, whose only Muses were Cæsar, and Brutus, and Cato, and the genius of expiring Rome.

Tristis FELICIBUS UMBRIS

*Vultus erat; vidi Decios natumque patremque,
Lustrales bellis animas, flentemque Camillum.
Abruptis Catilina minax fractisque catenis
Exultat, Mariique truces nudique Cethegi :
Vidi ego lætantes, popularia nomina, Drusus
Legibus immodicos, ausosque ingentia Gracchos.
Æternis chalybum nodis, et carcere Ditis
Constricta plausere manus, CAMPOSQUE PIORUM
POSCIT TURBA NOCENS! (g)*

Luc. L. 6. v. 784.

The

NOTE.

stability of all property, public and private. I speak from awful and trembling conviction, OUR RUIN CAN BE EFFECTED BY POLITICAL REFORM ALONE, and our Enemies at home and in France know that I speak the truth. We in Great Britain, who are yet in a condition to preserve ourselves, see and read and feel these things. The grant of one demand leads necessarily to another when any material alteration in a state or government is conceded. If the second is refused after the first has been granted, we are then told, that there is a want of consistence in the plan, and that it were more adviseable to have kept the state as it was, than to admit only a partial reform. We surely cannot be said to be duped and fooled by Reformers without warning from history and from experience. The constitutional statesmen of Great Britain cannot now be ignorant of the nature of "a Modern Reform in any state of Europe." The greater the difficulty and danger, the greater the fury of the Revolutionists. Pindar was a poet and a statemân; he said: *Ἀνποδιντῶν Ἐργῶν οὐ γένοιτο μανίαι.* (Nem. Od. 11.)

The present Poem was not composed for a trivial purpose, or without mature thought. It is the fruit and study,

N O T E.

(g) In the great question of a Reform in Parliament (i. e. in the House of Commons) I certainly do not mean to call figuratively the ministerial ground, the *Campi Priorum*, but I call the Constitution of England and its defenders in or out of Parliament by that name. Nor would I by any means rank the gentlemen of opposition with the *Turba nocens*. That *turba nocens* are the levellers and the partisans of democracy and revolution. But the licence of poetry we are told is considerable, if assumed with *modesty*. The question itself has nothing to do with invention, though I think much *fiction* is employed in the support of it. I am of opinion, that in the outset there is a fiction or a deceit. We are told we must recur to the *original* principle of the H. of C. the principle, as I suppose, on which it was founded, and that principle is declared to be *popular*, in the *modern* sense of that word. In this argument historical truth is not asserted; I would maintain, that it is violated. It is contrary to matter of fact. The very origin of the House itself (the best antiquaries will tell you so) is rather doubtful. The more remote your enquiry, the greater the demonstration of its *original* weakness, nay (I say it with grief) of its political insignificance. It was a Council, which grew out of a greater Council, and it was designed to represent the *property* of the kingdom. I will not insult my reader with information on the subject. But it is matter of plain historical knowledge that its powers, its functions, its freedom, and its consequence have been all *progressive* to a certain period. That period was the Revolution (as it is foolishly called) in 1688. At that æra the House of Commons *under the Old Whigs*, attained to the consummation of its glory and to the fulness of its dignity. As I here speak of the *original* principle, I have nothing to do with the subsequent corruptions. I must own I do not wish for the famous Roman plate of brass; I am for no unqualified *Lex Regia*. †

NOTE ON THE NOTE.

† See a Dissertation "de Ænea Tabula Capitolina Romæ 1757." Heineccius and Gravina also published this "*Lex Regia*." It may be read at full length in Gruteri Inscript: Antiq. By this Law the Roman Senate in the most abject stile authorised Vespasian to make and repeal laws, to

study of an independent and disinterested life, passed without the incumbrance of a profession or the embarrassment

NOTE.

Let it rest in the Capitoline Museum, that splendid effort of Michael Angelo. I abhor abject servility and all its monuments. I never wished, I am sure I do not now wish, to see any Senate divest itself of all power. I would not see a *Vespasian* in any country make and repeal laws, or exercise unlimited authority without the advice and consent of a well-constituted Senate. I venerate the institution of the House of Commons, and would preserve it with my life; but I shall raise up no tree, trunk or branches, for a fatal simile, like Mr. Reeves. I look for no pasture in the fields of Ministers or of Booksellers; nor would I be turned out by Mr. Fox and Mr. Sheridan to graze on the verdant lawns of the King's Bench with the Chief Justice of Newfoundland, or at best in Mr. Pitt's *Strawyard*. I neither recur to Montesquieu nor to Machiavel. I want not to be told by the former that "*our system was found in the woods,*" or to hear from Signor Machiavel and Mr. Fox, that "*States may grow out of shape.*" § For my own part, I would rather find

NOTE ON THE NOTE.

declare peace and war, and to exercise every act of an absolute sovereign, without waiting for their consent or even asking their advice.—This authority however was not granted to all the Emperors indiscriminately; they *selected* (before Vespasian) Augustus, Tiberius, and Claudius. I leave the reader to his own reflections.

§ The words of Machiavel quoted by Mr. Fox in the H. of C. on May 26, 1797, in his speech on the Reform of Parliament. The founders of the French Republic, and the Re-founders of it (for it has been founded three times already) seem *always* to have had Machiavel's Discourses on Livy in their view. He says, that if any power or powers, (princes, warriors, or demagogues) take or subdue any city, province, or realm, "*they should make all things new in the state.*" The words are most particular. "*Fare ogni cosa di nuovo in quello stato, nelle Città fare nuovi governi con nuovi nomi, con nuova autorità, con nuovi uomini, fare i poveri ricchi, disfare delle vecchie città, cambiare gli abitatori da un luogo ad un altro, e in somma, non lasciare cosa niuna intatta, e che non via sia nè grado, nè ordine, nè stato, nè ricchezza, che chi la tiene non la riconosca da te.*" Machiav. Discorsi Lib. I. Cap. 6. The French have religiously observed the advice. We are told in the H. of C. by Mr. Fox that the authority of Machiavel is great. In my opinion, ALL TYRANNY is uniform in its maxims.

rassment of business. It was not intended merely to raise a smile at folly or conceit; but it was written with indignation

NOTE.

find a system in the woods, than in modern France; and I do not look for a new political Dancing Master every time there is a twist in the body. To hear Mr. Fox, as I *perpetually* do in the House, one would really think he was a rival to Vestris or Didelot. He has been long trying his art and giving lessons to Mr. Pitt *gratis*. That Right Honourable Gentleman's gait still continues as awkward and stiff as usual. He will not BEND. A graceful bow is not his ambition, and Mr. Fox *dances* before him every day without the least effect. Mr. Fox, I believe, is of the opinion and principle of Monsieur Marcel, the famous dancing master in Queen Anne's reign, who said, when the Earl of Oxford was made Prime Minister, "He was surprised, and could not tell what the Queen could see in him, for his own part he never could make any thing of him." To be sure Mr. PITT is every day placed between THE DANCING MASTER AND HIS MAN, but he has not yet learned grace from Mr. Fox, or wit from Mr. Sheridan. Indeed I have been informed that, the three celebrated Dancers and Ballet Masters, Messrs. Fox, Sheridan and Grey, are preparing a new *Serious Divertissement*, or Pas de Trois, with new scenes, dresses and decorations, called, "LE DIRECTOIRE EXECUTIF." If it can be got up time enough, it will be brought forward this season; but as there is a necessity for a re-inforcement of the troop FROM PARIS, it is feared the old dances must continue to the end of this season. June 1797. It is proposed that light should be thrown on the stage in a quite new manner; but the Ballet-Masters will suffer no persons to be on the stage, or to view the machinery behind the scenes. Lord Galloway and Lady Mary Duncan have expressed their approbation of this rule, so much for the interest of THE GRAND OPERA: though the noble Earl is contented with the present Grand Ballet-Master.—As I have no place so convenient for them, I beg leave to offer a few words on a subject, now peculiarly interesting. The time is my excuse. In the impending negociation for peace with the French (June 1797) it is not unpleasant or foreign to the subject to recollect the orations of the two great Athenians Demosthenes and Æschines, Περὶ Παράπρεσβειας, or *De Falsa Legatione*. Lord Malmsbury's present Embassy, (I hope not, like the last, a Παράπρεσβεια) will be conducted,

indignation against wickedness, against the prostitution of superior talents, and the profane violence of bad men.

It

NOTE.

as I trust, upon strong principles; and *reported* in a different mode from the former. *By knowing where to stand*, Philosophers and Statesmen have shaken the moral and political universe. Lord Malmsbury's Letter to Lord Grenville concerning his conversation with Mons. Charles Delacroix, (I do not mean *any other* part of the correspondence) was published by the most indiscreet advice, and in violation of every principle of diplomatic prudence. One would think the Ministers published it to shew how *prettily and wittily* their Ambassador could write, in defiance of all discretion and sound judgment. It reminds us of what Demosthenes accused his colleague in that famous Legation. I cannot enter into particulars; I suppose knowledge in most of my readers. The words are indeed remarkable in their application; the party accused, Æschines himself has recorded them. "Απολωλεκεναι Με (εφη) την Πολιν και τις Συμμαχος" και ειρετο με, τι των Αθηνησι πραγμάτων επιλελησμαι, και τον Δημον καταπεποιημενον και σφοδρα επιθυμουντα ΤΗΣ ΕΙΡΗΝΗΣ ει μεμνημαι." But most specifically and in the most appropriated manner, when he urged against Æschines the imprudence of his language: Ούτω ηγεθικας Φιλιππον και τοσαυτα ειρηκας, εξ ων εκ Ειρηνι γενοιτ' αν εκ Πολεμω, αλλ' εξ Ειρηνως Πολεμος ακηρυκτος." Æschin. Περὶ Παραπρεσβ. Sect. 16. p. 26. Edit. Brooke, Oxon. 1721. One would think the words were written for the late occasion. I hope Lord Malmsbury will now adapt his language and his *dispatches* with more prudence to *Philip* and the *Directory*.—On a kindred topic I would observe to the classical reader another *singular* circumstance in ancient times. It is from the Roman state. Since we have all been arming at home with alacrity and prudence, and (what is consequent to that) with effect, against our enemy, and the militia laws have been extended, it is curious to call to mind the *emphatic clause* in the ancient Roman law concerning the exemption of particular persons from military service, called "DE VACATIONE," as learned Civilians well know. The Clause is this: "Nisi BELLUM GALLICUM exoriatur;" in which case not even the Priests were exempted. I will illustrate this law from Plutarch and Cicero, but I will not translate the passages.

It was indeed (to use a poet's allusion) poured forth as a libation from the cup of Achilles, consecrated and appropriated :

ΟΥΤΕ ΤΕΩ ΣΠΕΝΔΕΣΚΕ ΘΕΩΝ, ΟΤΕ ΜΗ ΔΙΙ ΠΑΤΡΙ. (h)

It is proposed, in it's degree and according to it's subject, for the defence of truth, and with an honest wish to uphold society and the best interests of mankind, but chiefly those of our own country. In it there are no imaginary

N O T E.

ges. In the life of Marcellus, Plutarch has this singular remark :

“ Ου μὴν ἀλλὰ μέγαν ἢ τε χαρὰ παρείχε φοβόν, διὰ τὴν γειτνιασιν, ὁμοῦ καὶ προσοικῶν πολέμῳ συνοισμομένοις, καὶ τὸ παλαιὸν ἀξίωμα τῶν Γαλατῶν (the Gauls or French) οὗς μάλιστα Ῥωμαῖοι δεῖσαι δοκῶσιν, ἅτε δὴ καὶ τὴν Πόλιν ὅπ' αὐτῶν ἀποδαλόντες, ἐξ ἐκείνῃ δὲ θεμενέοι Νόμον, ἀτελεῖς εἶναι στρατείας τῆς Ἱερᾶς, πλὴν εἰ μὴ Γαλατικός παλιν ἐπελθοῖ Πόλεμος. Ἐδήλῃ δὲ καὶ τὸν φόβον αὐτῶν ἢ τε Παρασκευῇ. Μυριάδες γὰρ ἐν ὅπλοις ἅμα τοσαῦται Ῥωμαίων ὥτε πρότερον ὥτε ὕστερον γενεσθαι λεγόνται.” Plut. Vit. Marcell. p. 244. Vol. 2 Edit. Bryan.—The other illustration is from Cicero in his oration for Fonteius; (the object of which was to inculcate, “Gallis fidem non habendam, hominibus levibus, perfidis, et in ipsos Deos immortales impiis.”) the words are these: “*Ut oportet, BELLO GALlico, ut majorum jura moresque præscribunt, NEMO EST, Civis Romanus, qui sibi ulla excusatione utendum putet.*” Orat. pro Fonteio. Sect. 16. sub. fin. Cic. Op. Ed. Barbou. Vol. 4. p. 393.—We have not, and I trust we never shall have, the same cause for apprehension from the French as the Romans had from the Gauls. *They never have taken our city*, and while we are true to ourselves, *as we now are*, they never will or can take it. But the danger is and ever will be great, *from their vicinity*, διὰ τὴν γειτνιασιν. The words are from Plutarch: Mr. Burke has written the commentary. † “*Vocem adyti dignam templi!*”

(A) Hom. Il. 16. v. 227.

† Two Letters on the Peace. (Ed. Rivington 1796.) pag. 113, &c.

imaginary subjects. I have raised no phantoms of absurdity merely to disperse them; but the words, the works, the sentiments and often the actions of the authors are before us. It might be known *hereafter* from this poem how we wrote and thought in this age, and not unfrequently how we conducted ourselves.

There is one subject which I have pressed upon the attention of the nation, which in this respect seems to be in a state between slumber and alarm; in the supineness which attends the former, and with that confusion in ideas and measures which too frequently accompanies terror. Compassion, mercy, self-preservation, integrity of principle, Christian charity, the uncertainty of the mortal condition, the convulsion of empires and of states, have all and each variously conspired to direct the measures of our government with respect to the French Roman Catholic Emigrants, and in particular, to the French Priests. I have stated in different places my opinion on this important subject. I continue to call aloud upon this country and its ministers to regard, *with minute circumspection*, THESE MEN AND THEIR CAUSE. The most reprehensible part of Mr. Burke's public conduct has been in this point. Great and venerable as I hold him, in this I praise him not. I maintain that the vigilance of the Roman Catholics is erect and on the tiptoe of expectation: it is scarcely suspended by slumber. I speak also on another account. There is such a connection between superstition and atheism, and their allies cruelty and tyranny, that the wisest and most experienced statesmen and moralists have declared it to be indissoluble. In *their* cause, they would unite with any, even with Jacobin, principles. Hear Dr. Hussey the titular Bishop of Waterford in Ireland in his late pastoral Letter.† "THE CATHOLIC FAITH (i. e. the tenets, the doctrines, the superstitions, the absurdities, the follies, the cruelty, and the tyranny, of the Church of Rome, and whatever makes it

10

NOTE.

(a) See "A Pastoral Letter to the Catholic Clergy of Waterford and Lismore in Ireland, by the R. R. Doctor Hussey" London Reprinted by P. Coghlan, Duke Street, Grosvenor

to differ from any other external establishment of Christianity) *The Catholic faith* (says his titular Lordship) is suitable to *all climes*, and *all forms of government*, monarchies or *republics*, aristocracies, or *DEMOCRACIES.*"

(P. 9.)

N O T E.

venor Square. 1797. His titular Lordship's idea of "a man of true liberality is this; "that he lives in charity, in concord, in amity, with *all others* of every religious persuasion; with whom a difference in religious opinions makes *no difference* in social life, &c, &c." (p. 6.) Very liberal indeed; this is the text. But his Lordship, in the natural confusion of ideas in *his country* has *prefixed* the comment. See the *preceding* page. The words are these: "Remonstrate (says "his Lordship) with any parent, who will be *so criminal* "as to *expose* his offspring to *those places of education* (the "Charter Schools &c. &c. as I suppose) where *his religious* "faith and morals are likely to be perverted. *If he will not at-* "tend to your remonstrances, (he is speaking to the Roman "Catholic Clergy) *refuse him* the participation of Christ's "body; *if he should still continue obstinate*, DENOUNCE "HIM TO THE CHURCH, in order that, according to Christ's "commandment, *he be considered as a heathen and a publican.*"

page 5. We know the sense of Christ; and we know the sense which the ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH annexes to these words." But this is LIBERALITY!!!—In Ireland it might be of use to discuss this pastoral Letter *in toto*. If I were an Irishman, I would do so: but the business in England is yet very different. Let me add a word or two. It may be worth while at *this* period when all establishments are shaking, to consider frequently, that "a Religious Establishment, under any form, is not the religion "itself, but the mode of preserving, inculcating, and continuing the religion." There is a religion which may be and is political, and another which is real. I will give a passage from the admirable Preface to the translation of Xenophon's Cyropædia written with great compass of thought and precision of argument, by a gentleman of fortune, family, erudition and virtue, the Hon. MAURICE ASHLEY. I cannot refrain from observing with pleasure, that LORD MALMSBURY and myself may have a natural partiality for the memory of that accomplished and well-instructed gentleman. "Real Christianity (says he) is none of "all these changeable establishments and human institutions, nor ever can be, but stands upon its own foot. "Whether it be the religion of the multitude, and national "or not national, or whatever be the forms of it in national

PART IV. establishments

(p. 9.) Right. *Flectere si nequeunt superos Acheronta movebunt.* That which is true of Christianity *in itself and by itself alone*, independent of *any* establishment whatsoever, that they assert of their own tyrannical superstition. They will shew the arm and the sword of heaven interested and active *for them*. They will tell you, (whenever they have the power or even the probability of attaining that power) that their cause alone is from above. They separate *their* spiritual rulers from the temporal governors of the state, and assert the superior dignity and paramount authority of the former; and this they thunder in the ears of an armed soldiery. They tell you, that the opposers of the Roman Catholic cause are sacrilegious in the eye of heaven; and that upon them, in a mass, THE GREAT STONE will fall and grind them to powder. I know the state of Ireland,† and the declarations of

NOTE.

"establishments, *is one and the same in itself*, firm and unalterable, and will undoubtedly remain so *to the end of the world*, whether owned or not owned by any public establishment indifferently." Mr. A's Pref. pag. 8. I enter not into the expedience, institution and relative excellence of religious establishments in this place. It is not here the question; if it were, I am not without my sentiments or without words to enforce them. I hope indeed we may and shall *still* justify the expressions of a great writer: "*We are separated from the errors and freed from the chains of POPERY, without breaking out into a state of religious anarchy.*" But I give Mr. Ashley's words as a general observation to all those who esteem the downfall of *such* an establishment as *Papery* to be the downfall of the Christian religion, than which no opinion can be more unfounded. To the Roman Catholic system of religion, whether in its vigour and plenitude of power, or in its decline, or in its struggles for revival, the words of the poet may be applied figuratively and literally:

*In sua templa furit, nullaque exire vetante
Materia, magnamque cadens magnamque reversionem
Dat stragem latè, SPARSOSQUE RECOLLIGIT IGNES.*

LUC. L. 1.

† There is something *peculiarly ungrateful* in the conduct of this titular Bishop of Waterford. Particular attention has been paid to Dr. Hussey by the administration of Ireland, as Lord Camden knows. But in *this* country I should hardly be understood if I were to enumerate the particulars *which I knew*. I have spoken in terms very moderate indeed of this Pastoral Letter *under the circumstances* of its publica-

of the *titular* bishops in that country. But that subject is not properly mine, though it is intimately connected with it. All I have to do is to shew, (and I think I have shewn it to all who will attend,) that "*the Spirit of the Roman Catholic System is yet unaltered.*" In England the French Priests, in a body, have been chased from the Kings Castle at Winchester; but our government has yet a sacred fortress or two at Reading, and Shene and in Yorkshire; and it appears that a sum of FIVE HUNDRED AND FORTY THOUSAND POUNDS (*b*) has been issued for the use of the French Emigrants, *sacred and profane*, in the course of the year 1796. This is ratified by the vote of Parliament. On this particular topic I shall say nothing further in this place. (*c*)

The

NOTE

tion. My reprehension has been confined to the spirit of it. It will be perceived by some persons that I write Συνορισι.

Talibus ex adyto dictis CUMÆA SIBYLLA

Horrendas canit ambages, antroque remugit

Obscuris vera involvens!

(*b*) On the 21st Dec. 1796, "The House of Commons in a Committee of Supply, among other sums, voted a sum of 540,000*l.* for the relief of the suffering clergy and laity of France." Woodfall's Parliamentary Register. 1796. Vol. 1. page 524. It is singular (and it will be remembered by those who are versed in the interior politics of this country in the reign of Queen Anne) that in Swift's Examiner Nov. 1710, No. 16. the exact sum of 540,000*l.* is stated humorously, as "*a Bill of British ingratitude,*" to his Grace the Duke of Marlborough. viz. "Woodstock 40,000*l.* Blenheim, 200,000*l.* Post Office grant 100,000*l.* Mildenheim 30,000*l.* pictures, jewels, &c. 60,000*l.* Pall Mall grant &c. 10,000*l.* Employments &c. 100,000*l.* The Total exactly 540,000*l.*" Thus at the beginning of this century did the British nation remunerate THE CONQUEROR OF FRANCE! And thus, at the close of it, are the Services of the French Emigrants, *sacred and profane*, annually requited by the munificence of the British Parliament!!! We know where it is written in letters of marble;

EUROPÆ HÆC VINDEX GENIO DECORA ALTA BRITANNO!

(*c*) I have just seen another production of a *Roman Catholic Divine*, proposed for the common advantage of the Christian world, and not of his particular church. I mean the Second volume of DR. GEDDES's *Translation of the Bible*. I really would

The subjects of this poem have been from necessity various and numerous, far beyond my original conception.

NOTE.

would not *trust* myself to *criticise* the Translation itself, after I had read the fifth Chapter of Judges v. 30. where for the words, "To every man a damsel or two," Dr. Geddes translates, by way of a *spirited* and *inviting* improvement, "*a Girl, a couple of girls, to each brave man!*" I will have nothing to do with THE DOCTOR'S *Bravery*; but I intend to make a few observations on the *Preface* alone, which is very extraordinary indeed, and by no means in the spirit which the sacred writings seem to recommend. I am always pleased with every serious attempt to elucidate the Scriptures, and am as ready as any man to acknowledge the merit and learning of an industrious and ingenious scholar. But though I differ essentially from Dr. Geddes, I am sure I shall never call him "apostate, infidel, or heretic" in general terms, as *he knows* some persons will do; (Pref. p. 4.) but I may oppose an opinion to an opinion. The cause in which he is engaged is not a trifling cause, nor is it, as we are sometimes told, an object of *mere classical criticism*. I think there is an unbecoming levity in the Doctor's manner more frequently than I could wish, and he expresses his sentiments in language not easily understood at all times, nor according to the genius and common grammar of the English tongue. But his meaning and opinion is, that "the *Historical Books of the Old Testament were not divinely inspired*." He tells us (p. 12.) of a partial and *putative* inspiration, and that the writers had not "a perpetual and *unerring sufflation*." I do not quite understand the terms, as they are *too sublime* for a plain Englishman, but I *suppose* they are very fine, and I *suppose* their meaning from other sentences in the preface. He says (p. 3.) that "The Hebrew Historians wrote them from *such human documents* as they could find, *popular traditions, old songs, and public registers*." Singular materials truly for divine inspiration! But he says also, "I venture (and it is indeed venturing a great deal) I venture to lay it down as a certain truth, that there is no *intrinsic evidence* of the Jewish Historians being *divinely inspired*; that there is nothing in the style or arrangement in the whole colour or complexion of their compositions that speaks the guidance of an unerring spirit, but that *on the contrary*, every thing *proclaims* the fallible and failing writer." (p. 5.) Dr. G. declares also, "After reading the Hebrew writings, and finding to his full conviction so many intrinsic marks of fallibility, error and inconsistency,

tion. But a mighty and majestic river in it's course through a diversity of countries not only winds and murmurs through the vallies, but contends and foams among rocks, and precipices, and the confluence of torrents. Still it's tendency is to the ocean, to which it pays it's last tribute and is finally lost in that immensity. In literature the mind resembles such a course. All it's exertions may be turned into one grand and general

NOTE.

"consistency, not to say downright absurdity," (p. 11.) he could not believe their inspiration, even if he were taught it by an angel. I have thus introduced the reader to the Doctor's most explicit opinion, but I will present him with his solemn affirmation, and he will easily decide on the propriety, the reasoning and the consistency of it. "I value them not the less," (says Dr. Geddes) "because I deem them not divinely inspired." (p. 12.) If a man can seriously assert, that the *Scriptures inspired by God* (upon that supposition being granted) are not more valuable than the productions of a mere fallible wretched creature like man in his best estate, I really could not lose my time in argument with that man however learned or however gifted. He has degraded himself from that rank of literature and of sound understanding, which gives him a title to be answered. Dr. Geddes, as a scholar, should re-consider his character, and as a professed Christian, he should re-examine his principles. I cannot discuss the doctrine of inspiration in this place; it cannot be expected that I should. But the tendency of all the proceedings of our scholars and guides in literature, and in the state, and in religion, should be carefully watched. The open blasphemy and low scurrility of Thomas Paine has been set aside by just argument, and the law of the land has armed itself against it's effect in society. § Mr. LEWIS Member of Parliament, has attacked the Bible in another and in a shorter

NOTE ON THE NOTE.

§ I am glad to bear testimony to the excellence of Mr. Erskine's eloquent declamation in the Court of K. B. in that cause, on Newton, Boyle, Locke, and other great men, the defenders of Christianity.—But my general opinion of Mr. Erskine's talent for writing and public speaking is very different. (See a future note on this Poem, Part 4.)

neral direction. The mind, if well regulated, remembers from whence it came, and feels that all it's powers and

NOTE.

shorter manner†, *blasphemous as far as it goes*, and tending to discredit and traduce it's authority. And last Dr. GARDNER, a Translator of the Bible, versed in the original language and in Hebrew criticism, has now begun his attack also on the *historical* parts, which, if they are not part of the *inspired* writings, are not intitled to the name of sacred Scriptures. It is difficult to say, where these attacks will end. The times are so precarious, and revolt from all authority human and divine so frequent, that the magistrate, the satirist, and the critic have an united office. If the *historical* parts of the Bible are given up, another man will arise and object to the *poetical* parts. These will be allowed to have sublimity, and dignity; but *why* should they be considered as *inspired*. All poetry, we shall be told, is in some sense inspired; Homer and Æschylus and Shakespeare, and *why not* the Hebrew bards. The *moral* portion of the Scriptures is evidently full of wisdom and sound sense, and I suppose we shall soon hear it may be *the work of a philosopher*, and that morality is not matter of inspiration. A fourth writer may first insinuate with great respect and then prove that all *prophecy* is ambiguous, and that the prophecies in the Bible may be conjectural, and therefore no reliance can be had on their inspiration. Lastly we may be told, that the *doctrinal* parts are so much above as well as contrary ‡ to human reason,

NOTE ON THE NOTE.

† In "The Monk, a Romance." See above. Pref. p. ii. and iii. of Part 4.
‡ As the subject is so important and words are so frequently misapplied or misapprehended, it is always of use to remember the words *Faith* and *Reason* as contradistinguished to each other. Mr. Locke has defined them with a clearness and a precision which never can be exceeded, and which never should be forgotten in thought or in conversation. "REASON, as contradistinguished to *Faith*, I take to be the discovery of the certainty or probability of such propositions or truths, which the mind arrives at by deduction made from such ideas which it has got by the use of it's natural faculties, namely, by sensation or reflection.—*FAITH*, on the other side, is the assent to any proposition not thus made out by the deductions of reason, but upon the credit of the proposer, as coming from God, in some extraordinary way of communication. This way of discovering truths to men, we call *Revelation*." Locke's Essay on the H. U. B. 4. C. 18.

and faculties are but ministerial. I think it is somewhere expressed in the concise sublimity of Plato, ἡ πόλις

N O T E.

son, that they could not come from God. Thus might the whole fabric vanish into air, into thin air: or to reverse Mr. Gibbon's phrase, thus might "the triumphant banner of the heathen Capitol be again erected on the ruins of the Church of Christ." Still we are to sit silent, still we are to hear with patience the outrageous presumption of man before his merciful Creator! while "The world and it's adorable AUTHOR, his attributes and essence, his power and rights and duty (I tremble to pronounce the word) be all brought together to be judged—BEFORE US."§ We are to assemble in the Temple with all our princes, and lords, and potentates, and venerable orders, and our high officers in all the gradations and dignities of our state and hierarchy, till some CHAMPION of anarchy and infidelity be brought forth, as in sport, and placed between the pillars. He may "bow himself with all his might," but his strength, I trust, will not be from above; he will "feel the nature of the pillars whereupon the house standeth!" I speak this in general. I do not apply it to Dr. Geddes or any such scholar. It is not now for the first time that the Canon, and the inspiration, and the authenticity of the Scriptures have been examined; and their

NOTE ON THE NOTE.

§ Ogden's Sermons, Hallifax's edit. vol. 1. p. 2.—There was something peculiarly amiable in the kind and disinterested office which the late Bishop of St. Asaph, Dr. HALLIFAX undertook in the vindication of the memory and writings of two great men, (*quales et quantos viros!*) Bishop Butler and Dr. Ogden. It will be an eternal honour to that very acute, learned, and most judicious prelate. Cicero shall speak for this prelate; as no man better understood the strength and application of his language. "Idoneus meâ quidem sententia, præsertim quum et IPSÆ Eum audierit et scribat de morte; ex quo nullâ suspicio est amicitia causâ eum esse mentum." Cic. de Clar. Orat. Sect. 15. What such a writer as Dr. Hallifax has told, who would tell again? I only speak in honour to the memory of a Scholar, whose name should be recorded. Το γὰρ ὑπερὶς ἐστὶ θάνατον.

το αἰδιον ἐκλεπεν. Under the influence and persuasion of this great and master principle the mind so prepared, whether serious, or gay, or thoughtful, or sprightly, or even fantastic in it's humour, is still performing it's proper office. Philosophy and criticism cannot reach some subjects, which sap the foundation and support of well-being. Playfulness, ridicule, wit, and humour, are the auxiliaries and light-armed forces of truth, and their power, in detachments, is equally felt with the main strength of the body.

There is one description and sect of men, to whom more than common reprehension is due, and who cannot be held up too frequently to the public scorn and abhorrence. I mean the modern philosophers of the French system. Mr. Burke has thundered upon them, and his lightning shone through their darkest recesses. "*The sudden blaze far round illumined Hell.*" This monstrous compound of the vanity and weakness of

NOTE.

their internal evidence has often taught a different lesson. I cannot help offering one suggestion, as it is new to me. If there is a subject in the Bible which has been particularly singled out for profane ridicule, it is that of Jonah being swallowed up in the whale's belly three days and three nights. Yet, as if to confound human wisdom, or sagacity, or vanity, and as an eternal lesson to human presumption on the fitness and unfitness of the subjects of inspiration, THE SAVIOUR OF THE WORLD HIMSELF thought proper to choose and to appropriate this event to HIMSELF. "*As Jonah was three days and three nights in the whale's belly, so shall THE SON OF MAN be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth.*" St. Matt. c. 12. v. 40.—I solemnly protest I have no other object in view in whatever I have written, but the good of man in all his best interests, complicated as they are at this awful and pressing hour. More is yet in our power than we may even imagine; but all the orders of the state must unite vigorously and powerfully in their specific functions to preserve it. The priests and ministers of the Lord must also stand between the porch and the altar, and exert themselves "before their eyes begin to wax dim that they may not see, and ere the lamp of God goeth out in the temple of the Lord, WHERE THE ARK OF GOD WAS!"†

† Sam. b. 1. ch. 3. v. 3.

of the intellect; and the fury of the passions in some of them, this "facinus majoris abollæ," should be exposed with the full strength of argument and of reason, and with occasional ridicule, to the English nation in every point of view. In other philosophers of this system, there is a calmness and composure in their mental operations more savage than the violence of the former. Their subject is *the living man*. Before them he is delivered bound hand and foot. On him their experiments are to be tried; and when his whole composition, moral and political, is either racked, or disjointed, or the minuter parts of it laid bare to the eye and the very circulation of the fluids, as it were, shewn in the agonizing subject; this they savagely call studying and improving human nature by the new light. But I will not proceed on this subject. Great and venerable is the name and influence of the true philosophy. The word may be disgraced for a season, but *the love of wisdom* must always command respect. When we compare these modern philosophers who *reject* all revelation, with the philosophers of antiquity, and in particular those of the Stoic sect, who *were ignorant* of it, the difference, to say no more, is indeed striking. What were Socrates, and Plato, and Epictetus, and Antoninus! Before such lights, shining in the darkness and gloom of the heathen firmament,

Conditur omne
Stellarum vulgus, *fugiunt sine nomine signa.* (d)

As I am speaking of Philosophy, I may be excused if I say a few words of that language, in which it's power has been most conspicuous. I see no more pedantry in the knowledge and study of *the Greek* tongue, than of the French or the German. But when I consider that every subject in philosophy, in history, in oratory, and in poetry, whatever can dignify or embellish human society in it's most cultivated state, has there found the highest authors; that the principles of composition are better taught and more fully exemplified than in any other language; that the Greek writers are

PART IV.

(d) Manil. Astron. L. i. v. 470.

the universal legislators in taste, criticism, and just composition, from whom there is no appeal, and who will be found unerring directors; I would with peculiar emphasis and earnestness request young men of fortune, ability, and polished education, not to cast off the study of the Greek writers, when they leave the university. A few hours devoted to this study in every week will preserve and improve their knowledge. It will animate the whole mass of their learning, will give colour to their thoughts and precision to their expressions. There is no necessity either to quote or to speak Greek; but the constant perusal of the historians, philosophers, orators, and poets will be felt and perceived. In parliament and at the bar it would be most conspicuous. (a) They who are wise will secretly attend to this recommendation, which must be disinterested, and proceeds from long experience.

In regard to the manner and the plan of *this* Poem on the P. of L. I have something to say, but my respect to the reader prevents me from saying much. It aspires not to the manner or the praise of THE DUNCIAD, or to any thing whatsoever in common with that great performance. The *original motive* of it however, in my opinion, is as far superior in importance and dignity, as the power and ability of the author fall short of that poetical excellence, which none hereafter must hope to rival or perhaps to attain. Its general subject

18

NOTE.

(a) Plutarch describes the first Marcellus, (the first of that distinguished race) as a warrior of experience and intrepidity, humane and polished in his manners and a great lover of the Greek literature; the words are these: *Τῇ μὲν ἐμπείρῃ πολεμικῷ, τῇ φύσει φιλοπολεμῷ· τῷ δὲ ἄλλῳ τρόπῳ σώφρων, φιλόανθρωπος, Ἑλληνικῆς παιδείας καὶ λόγων ἀρχὴ τε τιμῶν καὶ θαυμάζειν τὰς κατορθύντας, ἐραστὴς.* Plut. Vit. Marcell. p. 242. vol. 2. Ed. Bryan.—As we have now so many gentlemen of fortune and family and education and ability among the officers of the army and the militia, I wish they may read this note, and employ some of their vacant hours in valuable studies and, like the great chiefs among the ancients, resume and vindicate the honour of learned military leisure.

is LITERATURE however exerted, whether for the benefit or for the injury of mankind. It has nothing of the mock epic. It is a dialogue; has something of a dramatic cast, and is an excursus. The subjects follow each other; and if I am not mistaken, they are neither confounded nor confused. If there be in the whole composition any passage, any sentence, or any expression, which, according to the specific nature of the subject, can justly offend even female delicacy; which, from the manner of it, a gentleman would refuse to write, or a man of virtue to admit into his thoughts; which violates the high, and discriminating, and honourable, and directing principles of human conduct, it is to me matter of serious and of solemn regret. *Naturæ imperio gemimus.* I am not conscious of having admitted any such passage, or sentence, or expression. I have never yet heard *such* an objection to my work. If it can be pointed out, I will erase it with much concern and with greater indignation.

I should also give a few words to the manner of the notes which I have annexed, and which are so frequent and so copious. I wished not, as Boileau expresses it, *to prepare tortures for any future Salmasius, (f)* and I too well know my own insignificance to expect any comment on my writings but from my own pen. I have made no allusion which I did not mean to explain. But I had something further in my intention. The notes are not always merely explanatory; they are (if I have been able to execute my intention) of a structure rather peculiar to themselves. Many of them are of a nature between an essay and an explanatory comment. There is much matter in a little compass, suited to the exigency of the times. As they take no particular form of composition, they are not matter of criticism in that particular respect. I expatiated on the casual subject which presented itself; and when ancient or modern writers expressed the thoughts better than I

e 2

could

(N) "*Aux Saumaises futurs preparer des tortures.*"

Boil. Sat. 9. v. 64.

could myself, I have given the original languages. No man has a greater contempt for *the parade* of quotation (as such) than I have. My design is not to quote words, but to enforce right sentiments in the manner which I think best adapted to the purpose, after much reflection. To most of my readers those languages are familiar; and if any person, not particularly conversant in them, should honour the notes with a perusal, I think the force of the observations may be felt without attending to the Greek or Latin. In all regular compositions I particularly dislike *a mixture of languages*. It is uncouth or inelegant, and sometimes marks a want of power in the writer. In works of any dignity or consequence, it is advisable, if a passage from any ancient author is quoted, to translate that passage in the text, and put the original at the bottom of the page, if necessary. We have in this respect the authority and example of Cicero, Bishop Hurd, and Sir William Jones.

In general, I could say all I wished in the text and comment. Some subjects are indeed so important, that they should be held forth to public light and viewed in every point. SATIRE, in this respect, has peculiar force. Vice is not unfrequently repressed, and folly and presumptuous ignorance and conceit sometimes yield or vanish at the first attack, and like the fabled spirits before the spell of the enchanter,

Primâ vel voce Canentis
Concedunt, CARMENQUE TIMENT AUDIRE SECUN-
DUM.(g)

I again declare to the public, that *neither my name, nor my situation in life will ever be revealed*. I pretend not to be "the sole depositary of my own secret;" but where it is confided, there it will be preserved and locked up *for ever*. I have an honourable confidence in the human character, when properly educated and rightly instructed. My secret will for ever be preserved, *I know*, under every change of fortune or

of

of political tenets, while honour, and virtue, and religion, and friendly affection, and erudition, and the principles of a gentleman, have binding force and authority upon minds so cultivated and so dignified.

My Poem and all and each of the notes to it were written without any co-operation whatsoever. I expect the fullest assent and credit to this my solemn assertion. I expect it, because I speak the truth. I have not been assisted by Doctors in any faculty. If indeed I had written to please a particular man, a minister, a chief in opposition, a party, any set, or any description of men exclusively, literary or political, there is not a man of understanding in the country who does not perceive that I should, or rather that I *must* have written in another style, thought and argument. Of such motives I profess myself nor skilled nor studious. My appeal is *direct* to my Country. I know and feel the situation in which at this moment SHE stands. There is now no balance left in Europe. All is preparing to sink under ONE DESOLATING TYRANNY. My opinion however is, that by the mercy of Providence, and by the unremitted attention and labours of our constitutional statesmen, and the united efforts of all that are loyal, brave, opulent, powerful, or dignified, we may yet "be able to stand IN THIS EVIL DAY, and having done all TO STAND." Let us stand therefore, as the chosen nation of old, the insulated memorial of true Religion, and the ONLY Asylum of balanced Liberty. I profess myself convinced, and therefore have I written. I entered into the sanctuary of the Hebrews and heard the voice of their prophet: "Credidi, propter quod locutus sum." This was the voice which I heard, and it was a voice, as Milton would express it, "thundering out of Sion." Under this persuasion and conviction, I will say of this work, there is in it but one hand and one intention. It will be idle to conjecture concerning the author, and more than foolish to be very inquisitive. To my adversaries I have nothing to reply. I never will reply. I could with the most perfect charity sing a requiem over their deceased criticisms, if I were master of what Statius calls the "Exequiale

quale sacrum, carmenque minoribus umbris utile.(h)" Those whom I wished to please, I have pleased. If I have diffused any light, it is from a *single orb*, whether temperate in the horizon or blazing in the meridian. My aspect is not in conjunction: if I culminate at all, it is from the Equator.

Thus much to silly curiosity and frivolous garrulity. But to persons of higher minds and of more exalted and more generous principles, who have the spirit to understand, and the patience to consider, the nature and the labour of my work, I would address myself in other language and with other arguments. I would declare *to them*, that when I consider the variety and importance and extent of the subjects, I might say that it was written, "though for no other cause yet for this, that posterity may know, that we have not loosely through silence permitted things to pass away as in a dream." I would declare also *to them*, that I deliver it *as a LITERARY MANIFESTO to this Kingdom* in a season unpropitious to learning or to poetry, in a day of darkness and of thick gloominess, and in an hour of turbulence, of terror, and of uncertainty. Such persons will be satisfied, if the great cause of mankind, of regulated society, of religion, of government, and of good manners, is *attempted* to be maintained with strength and with the application of learning. To them it is a matter of very little or rather of no moment at all, by whom it is effected. They have scarce a transitory question to make on the subject. To such understandings I willingly submit my composition, and to them I dedicate the work.

I shall only add, that *if* they should read *all* the Parts of this Poem on the Pursuits of Literature with candour and with attention, whatever the connection between them or the method may be, they will most assuredly find, "*that uniformity of thought and design, which will always be found in the writings of the same person, WHEN HE WRITES WITH SIMPLICITY AND IN EARNEST.*"

THE
PURSUITS OF LITERATURE:

A SATIRICAL POEM.

PART IV.

AUTHOR.

OH, for that sabbath's dawn ere Britain wept,
And France before THE CROSS believ'd and slept!
(Rest to the state, and slumber to the soul!)
Ere yet the brooding storm was heard to roll
In fancy's ear o'er many an Alpine rock,
Or Europe trembled at the fated shock;
Ere by his lake GENEVA'S ANGEL stood,
And wav'd his scroll prophetic (a) o'er the flood,

5
With

(a) It is remarkable that in *Switzerland* appeared THE THREE PERSONS, whose principles, doctrines, and practice, (*as it seems to me*) have primarily and ultimately effected the great change and downfall of regal and of lawful power in Europe. Calvin, in religion; Rousseau, in politics; and Neckar by his administration.

With names (as yet unheard) and symbols drear,
Calvin in front, and Neckar in the rear,

10

But

tration. Calvin and his disciples were never friends to monarchy and episcopacy. I shall not *here* contend politically or theologically with Bishop Horsley concerning Calvin. Indeed I never yet stood gaping on that *copper* oracle. A Poet's words are better for a poet. I have looked into history and, as I think, have found them true. Dryden speaks of Calvin thus, and remarkably enough;

The last of all the litter scap'd by chance,

" And from Geneva first infested FRANCE."

(Hind and Panther. B. i. v. 172.)

ROUSSEAU, (I speak of him *only* as a political writer) by the unjustifiable, arbitrary, and cruel proceedings against him, his writings and his person, in France, (where he was a stranger and to whose tribunals he was not amenable) was stimulated to pursue his researches into the origin and expedience of *such* government, and of *such* oppression, which, otherwise, he probably, never would have discussed; till he reasoned himself into the desperate doctrine of political equality, and gave to the world his fatal present, "*The Social Contract*." Of *this* work the French, since the Revolution, have never once lost sight. With them it is first and last, and midst, and without end in all their thoughts and public actions. Rousseau, is, I believe, the only man to whom they have paid an implicit and *undeviating* reverence; and, without a figure, have worshipped in the Pantheon of their new idolatry, like another Chemos, "the *obscene* dread of Gallia's sons." — Different from these, came NECKAR. With intentions, as I firmly think, upright, pure and just, but with a mind impotent and unequal to the great work, and with principles foreign to the

the

But chief Equality's vain priest, Rousseau,
A sage in sorrow nurs'd, and gaunt with woe,

F By

the nature of the government he was called to regulate, reform and conduct, "a fatal stranger" for France. He oppressed every subject sacred and civil with too much *verbiage*. He was sanctioned by popular prejudice, and marked by aristocratical hatred; a sort of "*Arpinas Volscorum a monte*." He came to lay open and disclose (and he did lay them open to the very bottom) the mystery and iniquity of French finance and of French treasuries. But he brought with him to the concerns of a great and tottering empire (which perhaps might have been maintained and consolidated) the little mind of a provincial banker, and the vanity inseparable from human nature, when elevated beyond hope or expectation. What was the consequence? for a while indeed,

Hic Cimbros et summa pericula rerum

Excipit, et solus trepidantem protegit Urbem. †

But the original leaven in his political composition was popular; and that leavened the whole lump. We know the rest. His advice, first in the calling together (at all) of the *States General*, and afterwards in the formation and distribution of them, gave the devoted King to the scaffold, and the monarchy of France to irreversible dissolution.—For my own part when I contemplate the convulsions of Europe, and the fatal desolation which attends republican principles, wherever they are introduced, I cannot but rest with a momentary pleasure on the picture which Plato in his imaginary republic, (the only one I ever could bear) has drawn of a man fatigued with the view of public affairs and retiring from them in the hope of tranquillity: the sentiments are such as the French formerly would have called, "*Les Dè-lassemens de l'homme sensible*." The words are these:

† Juv. Sat. 8. v. 249.

PART. IV.

By persecution train'd and popish zeal,
 Ripe with his wrongs ,to frame the dire (b) appeal,
 What time *his work* THE CITIZEN began, 15
 And gave to France the social savage, Man.

Was it for this, in Leo's fost'ring reign
 Learning uprose with tempests in her train;
 Was every gleam deceitful, every ray
 But idle splendor from the orb of day? 20
 Say, were the victims mark'd from earliest time,
 The Flamens conscious of a nation's crime?

Why smoaked the altars with the new perfume,
 If heav'n's own fire descends but to consume?

Alas,

“Ταῦτα πάντα λογισμῶ λαῶν, ἡσυχίαν ἔχων καὶ τὰ αὐτὴ πρα-
 τῶν, διὸν ἐν χειμῶνι κοινόρτῃ καὶ ζαλῆς ὑπὸ πνεύματος φερομένη
 ὑπὸ τειχίῳ ὑπόστας, ὄρων τῆς ἀλλῆς καταπιμπλαμένης ἀνομίας,
 ἀγαπᾷ εἰ πῇ αὐτὸς καθάρως ἀδικίας τε καὶ ἀνοσιῶν ἐργῶν, τὸν τε
 ἐνθάδε εἶον εἰώσεται, καὶ τὴν ἀπαλλαγὴν αὐτὴ μετὰ καλῆς ἐλπίδος
 ἰδεῶς τε καὶ εὐμενῆς ἀπαλλάσσεται.

Plato de Repub. L. 6. p. 496, Op. vol. 2. Ed. Serrani.

(b) “ Le Contrat Social, par J. J. Rousseau, Citoyen de
 Geneve.

Alas, proud Gallia's fabric to the ground 25

What arm shall level, or what might confound!

Oh for that hand, which o'er the walls of Troy (c)
His lightning brandish'd with a furious joy,

F 2

Her

(c) It certainly would be *convenient*, (if we can for a moment trifle with such a subject as the present French war) to march to *Paris*, "and, like another (Bryant) *fire another Troy*." We have little hope, but from such assistance.—See "a Dissertation concerning the War of Troy, and the Expedition of the Grecians, as described by Homer; shewing, that no such expedition was undertaken, and that no such city of Phrygia existed." Published in 1796, but there is no date to the title page. I find it difficult to give an opinion on this ingenious treatise. Whatever comes from the author of "The Analysis of ancient Mythology" should be treated with very great respect. His character is * venerable, and his erudition, as I think, without an equal. Of all subjects, I should have thought this subject was one, on which an enquiry might have been instituted without offence. Yet this has not been the case. The offence has been considered as deep and wide; and the influence of the principle, in some respects, dangerous and alarming. The faith of history has been represented as attacked in its strongest fortress, and even the sacred writings, as matter of historical faith, implicated in the discussion. Some persons have even declared that Mr. Bryant had no right to touch the subject. That nothing can be more contrary to reason than to suppose that the existence of a city, and a war, of which we have read with delight from our boyish days, should be called

in

* Pursuits of L. Part II. v. 189.

Her state, her arms, her fleets, her very name
Gave, as in mock'ry, to poetic fame, 30

And

in question. That their pleasure is snatched from them: and such a poem, without an historical fact for a basis, cannot be interesting. They allow the amplification of poetry, and its embellishments, and even the anachronisms of Homer. But Troy did exist, and the Grecians did once besiege it, and Hector, Achilles, Agamemnon, and Diomede were as real heroes, as the Archduke Charles, Buonaparte, Lord Cornwallis or Tippoo Saib in modern wars. I really should smile at many of these objections, if they did not frequently come from persons of consequence and of learning. Most certainly however I will quarrel with no man "about Sir Archy's great Grandmother." They who are acquainted with the science and subject of *probabilities* will best decide the question for themselves, and I will not intrude my judgment. It is a question of probability and not of proof. I am equally pleased with a poem founded on the metamorphosis of Apuleius or on any modern fiction, if all the essential and integral parts of a poem are preserved: if the characters, manners and actions are human, and consistent with the supposed situations of the personages. This to me is sufficient, and perhaps poetry, as such, may be a gainer by Mr. Bryant's interpretation. I rather hail the omen in these times of poetical sterility. But nothing can be further from the dignity of Mr. B's character, than the imputation of having attacked the faith and credibility of ancient, or of any, *history*. It is scarcely entitled to notice. What was Troy? with what part of history is it connected? Is not the Trojan war an insulated solitary fact? If it were done away, is any historical event whatever made to fall with it? When it is stated that *four hundred and thirty ships* (no matter of what size) were employed by the Grecians in the Trojan war in the twelfth century, and only *eighty nine* in

And with the fire of Philip' son, unfurl'd
 His classic standard o'er a wond'ring world,
 Till " *Homer's sprite did tremble all for grief,*
" And curs'd th' access of that celestial thief." (d)
 Oh, for a Bryant's hand!—

O C T A-

in the Peloponnesian war in the fifth century before Christ, is this matter of *serious* history? Is not the whole allowed to pass even the bounds of any probability, but the poet's? I remember hearing a gentleman state similar questions to these with much earnestness and apparent conviction, but without warmth. He seemed to understand something of the subject; and though I thought some points were pressed indiscreetly and unnecessarily by Mr. Bryant, I replied that I thought *nearly* as he did, and I said with the most good-natured *Ερωχην* of the Academics, " *Almost thou persuadest me to be a Bryantian.*"—I think they who are the strongest in opposition to Mr. Bryant, if they were even Inquisitors, and could force him to hold a lighted torch in his hand and make a retractation of his errors, and the *amende honorable* in the *Eglise de notre Dame de CYBELE Mere de tous les Dieux Païens*, would be contented with the Catholic form of words: *Questi erano gli scherzi d'una penna poetica, non gli sentimenti d'un animo catolico!*" Yet considering all that I have heard, and the *quarter* from which it came, *Curius* quid sentit, et *AMBO Scipiadæ*, and the insignifi-

cance

§ I am sure *Gilbert Wakefield* is even *more than an Inquisitor* in all his principles literary, civil, and religious. See his indecent letter to Mr. Bryant on the war of Troy. But above all, see his Letter to Mr. Wilberforce. The Secretary to the Duke of Alva under Philip II. or the Public Accuser of the Revolutionary Tribunal, under Robespierre, never exhibited such a paper. *There is no deceit in Gilbert Wakefield: "He is, just what he seems."* It is plain to see what he expects, and why he writes.

OCTAVIUS.

Methinks you smile, 35

And fain would land me on the wand'ring isle,
 Where the learn'd drain *Acrasia's* foaming bowl,
 Till round the Sun their heads with Gebelin's (e) roll ;

Nor

cance of the question itself, but as a matter of amusement; though in common with many others, I should have lost much individual gratification and instruction, yet I wish this Dissertation on the war of Troy had never been written at all.

(d) Two lines from Sir Walter Raleigh's Sonnet, prefixed to Spenser's Fairy Queen.

(e) Gebelin.—If many of the learned world have thought Mr. Bryant unadvised in the discussion of the war of Troy in the twelfth century A. C. what must we say to Mr. Court de Gebelin, who has actually endeavoured to reason men into a belief, that, the Founders of the Roman State, ROMULUS and REMUS, were only allegorical personages, and were in reality representatives of the Sun and worshipped as such. Mr. Gebelin is a man of the most various erudition, and if he were as well known as Mr. Bryant, his attempt would have been noticed. But few people perhaps have had the curiosity to look into nine volumes in 4to of the "Monde Primitif analysé et comparé avec le Monde Moderne par M. Court de Gebelin." It may be entertaining to some persons, if I give a few particulars of this singular question. The Fourth Volume of Mr. Gebelin's work consists of the "Histoire Religieuse du Calendrier, ou des Fêtes Anciennes." The fifth Chapter of the second Book (Vol. 4.) is the "Histoire des Gemeaux Romains Romulus et Remus." Mr. G. says, "Les

Nor heed the pause of (f) Douglas, Wakefield's rage,

Nor Hallam (g) trembling for the sacred page, 40

(f) and not: *inspired* or *not* Nor

"Les Romains eurent aussi leurs *Allegories* sur le double Soleil successif de l'année; ils l'appliquèrent à leur Remus et Romulus. Les noms sont *allegoriques*, et tous relatifs à l'année." p. 264.

Remus, it seems, signified THE SUN in the winter, and Romulus, in the summer! By an easy proof, he says, "Ils en firent la fête des Lemures pour Remus, &c. p. 263. In the sixth chapter of the same Book, we read: Nous avons vu dans le chapitre précédent, que ROMULUS étoit LE SOLEIL; que tout le prouvoit:

—And what is the proof? Truly this: "Le nom de sa mere, celui de son pere, son frere, la mort de son frere (Remus), son propre nom, &c. &c." Q. E. D.—Mr. Gebelin has not yet done, nor is Mr. Gebelin yet satisfied. He next converts, by means of his solar microscope, Romulus into Hercules! Hear his words, "Ce qu'exprimoient à cet égard les Grecs par l'Apothéose d'Hercule, les Romains l'exprimerent par l'Apothéose de Romulus." But when he speaks of Quirinus, another name of Romulus, the force of art and of proof can go no further. La voici.

"Quirinus (nom de Romulus) la traduction littérale de Melcarthe, ou Melicerte, que portoit Hercule chez les Tyriens, est UNE AUTRE PREUVE, qu'on regardoit ROMULUS comme LE SOLEIL." p. 269!!!!—I cannot help observing that in this same

4th Vol. p. 422. Mr. Gebelin informs us that, "Sur le 18 Février on célébroit la Fête de Romulus, (and at the same time, rather inauspiciously to be sure) on célébroit LA FETE DES FOUX." I suppose on the celebration of LA FETE DES FOUX, cards of invitation were sent round by the Pontifex Maximus to the Antiquaries of those days, and I really think, if Mr. Gebelin had been produced at that time he would not have been without his card,

with

Nor Gillies (*h*) crying, what shall we peruse,
 My history's now mere records of the Muse,
 And trust to Buonaparte's iron pen, (*i*)
 The tale of Rome shall be Troy's tale again.

AUTHOR.

with a few others, to be distributed among his friends.—Indeed these *deliramenta doctrine* are sometimes amusing, but in reality they are rather a subject of serious regret from their consequences on the public mind. There is no end of the absurdities from this source, when we resolve all ancient persons and events into allegories and Egyptian mysteries; till as we have just seen, ROMULUS AND REMUS, the Founders of the Roman Empire, become (according to Monsieur Gebelin's Order of Firing after a grand *Escopetterie*, or volley, of serpents and stars) transformed into ROMAN SUNS; Remus in the Winter, and Romulus in the Summer!—See the proofs above.

(*f*) The Rt. Rev. Dr. JOHN DOUGLAS, the present Bishop of Salisbury, Author of the *Criterion*, and of other acute pieces of reasoning, which will be long remembered and admired.

(*g*) Dr. Hallam, the present Dean of Bristol. (1797.)

(*h*) Author of a *History of Greece*; but I shall say no more than that Dr. Gillies's solicitude is groundless, when he fears that it will be mistaken for the work of the Muses.

AUTHOR.

No; other thoughts my lab'ring soul employ, 45
 That springs anew to long-forgotten joy;
 I range in Fancy's consecrated round,
 And meet the poet on a poet's ground,
 Nor seek historic truth of time and place,
 But truth of manners, character, and grace. 50

The Bards, who once the wreaths of glory wore,
 Cloath'd in translucent veil their wondrous lore,
 The tales they sung a willing age believ'd,
 Charm'd into truth, and without guile deceiv'd;
 Where'er they rov'd, young Fancy and the Muse 55
 Wav'd high their mirror of a thousand hues;
 They gaz'd; and as in varying guise pourtray'd,
 Aëreal phantoms hov'ring round them play'd,

G

Gave

(1) The tremendous conquests of Buonaparte in Italy and in Germany remind us too much of the words of the Roman Historian. "*Si CAPTIVOS aspiceret, Molossi, Thessali, Macedones, Bruttii, Apulii; si POMPAS, aurum, purpuræ, signa, tabulæ, Tarentinæque deliciæ.*" Flor. Lib. 1. C. 18.

PART IV,

Gave to each fleeting form, that shot along,
 Existence everlasting as their song, 60
 And as by nature's strength the tablet grew,
 Rapture the pencil guided as they drew.

OCTAVIUS..

Nay, now you soar indeed; another flight,
 And the wing'd courser bears you from my sight :
 You're strangely mov'd.

A U T H O R.

The matter is my own; 65
 I never shar'd the profits of the gown,
 Nor yet, with Horace and myself at war,
 For rhyme and *victuals* (*h*) left the starving Bar ;
 I never

(*h*) This was lately done by an ingenious Gentleman, educated at Eton school, William Boscawen Esquire, a Commissioner of the *Victualling* Office, and (by an easy transition) Translator of Horace. He resigned his gown, as a Counsellor at law, to superintend *the public victuals*, and to give himself up to *the charms of poetry*, and at last to present the hungry public with

I never lov'd *Dean DEWLAP's* vacant looks,
 Or purchas'd empty praise from empty books, 70
 I leave at sales the undisputed reign
 To *milk-white* (*hh*) *GOSSET*, and Lord (*i*) *SPENCER's*
 train;

G 2

No

with Horace's works *done into English verse*. The translation has had the usual fate of *mediocrity*, and therefore I say no more. But it is with particular pleasure that I inform the reader, that Mr. Boscawen, with the most classical humanity, considering the general state of poor Barristers and Poets at this unpropitious time, has an intention to propose the revival of the ancient custom of the *Sportula*, to be distributed at Lincoln's Inn Hall, and at the Victualling Office. The qualifications, as I have heard, are these:—*That* no Barrister be entitled to the *Sportula* except he can prove by affidavit or certificate from the Clerk of the Assizes, that he has not received five Briefs in his first twelve circuits; and for a Poet, that he has never disposed of twenty copies of any one poem of his own composing. It is feared, that the applications and certificates will be so numerous, that from the present increase of *Naval* and other demands, the kind intentions of the *amiable Victualler* will be frustrated.

(*hh*) Not a bookseller of reputation in London, Payne, Edwards, White, Robson, Egerton, Faulder, &c. &c. is unacquainted with Dr. Gosset's "*milk-white vellum books*," where he wishes to make an exchange. The Reverend little Bibliopolish Doctor Gosset is President at all Bookfairs in the metropolis. He certainly is a scholar, and I believe the auctioneer always waits for *his* entrance, as the Speaker of the H. of C. waits for Mr. Pitt before public business begins. He is Inquisitor General of all editions from the Editio Princeps of the Florence Homer, down to the last edition of *Ignoramus*. Doctor Gosset's priced catalogues in *his own hand* are said to be in an *uninterrupted series*, except *one*. They are also

No German nonsense sways my English heart,
 Unus'd at ghosts and rattling bones to start; 74
 I never chose, in various nature strong,
 Logic for verse or history for song,
 But at the magic of Torquato's strain,
 Disarm'd and captive in Armida's chain,
 To Godfrey's pomp Rinaldo still prefer,
 Nor care if ranting Wakefield thinks I err. 80
 To HURD, not (*hh*) Parr, my Muse submits her lays,
 Pleas'd with advice, without a lust for praise,

Fond

also said to be equal in use and value to "The curious collection, " in regular and *undoubted* succession, of *all the Tickets of the Isling-ton Turnpike* from its *first* institution to the 20th of May inclusive," recorded among *the presents* made to the Antiquarian Society, when Sir Matthew Mite was admitted Fellow. (Foote's Nabob Act 2.) I believe (but see the Society's Archæologia *for the record*) that it took place before the Reverend Mr. Brand was *† the reading* Secretary, or the Earl of Leicester *the eloquent* PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES. N. B. No person is *now* obliged to make an inauguration speech, when he is admitted Fellow of the Antiquarian Society. The President observed in *one of his speeches*, that the custom ceased and determined at Sir Matthew Mite's election, *as appeared by the record*, copied by Mr. Foote and inserted in his Nabob.

(i) The Rt. Hon. Earl Spencer, the munificent, and I may add, the learned collector of every valuable work in literature. I record with pleasure his "*Palatine Apollo*," that *munus Apolline dignum*!

† Mr. Brand often puts the Antiquarian Society in mind of the famous Epitaph:

" Oh READER! if that *thou canst read*, &c. &c.

Fond to correct but never to defend,
 And him, who marks her errors, deems her friend;
 With patriot aim and no irreverent rage, 85
 Without one stain of party on the page,
 From Grecian springs her strength, her art she draws,
 Firm in her trust, ennobled in her cause,
 Her moral none, the verse (ii) some few disdain;
 Yet not a note she sounds shall sound in vain, 90

While

(bb) See my account of Dr. Parr's style and writings. P. of L. Part III. p. 181, &c. with the notes. When the reader has considered the whole, perhaps he may be inclined to say with the comic poet of Athens,

Πιλοντο μεγα ΚΟΜΠΟΛΑΚΤΘΟΥ πεσεν!

Aristoph. Acharn. Sub fin.

(ii) George Steevens, Esq. Editor of Shakspeare and some other ingenious Gentlemen, whom at present I shall not name, have affected to say, with equal discretion and wit, that *my verses are only a peg* to hang my notes upon. They are not quite original in the expression. Pindar said long before Mr. Steevens, Απο ΠΑΣΣΑΛΟΥ φορμινγα λαμβανε. (Ol. 1.) But Mr. Steevens and Co. rather put me in mind of a story told of a sailor in the late mutiny (April 1797.) aboard the fleet, who after he had undergone rather a severe discipline, and was standing *dripping* upon the deck, looked up significantly to the yard-arm and said, "Well, my friends, I think I am now *wet* enough to *be hung up to dry*."—So much for George Steevens Esq. and his Brethren, "*Gentlemen of the Peg*."

While BRYANT in applause with BAKER (*k*) joins,
 GIFFORD (*l*) approves, and STORER (*m*) loves the lines:
 Though still, a stranger in the sacred clime,
 Some say, I love not poetry, but rhyme.

Offspring of other times! ye visions old, 95
 Legends, no more by gentle hands unroll'd,
 Magnanimous deceits! where favour'd youth
 Finds short repose from formidable truth!
 Oh witness, if e'er silent in your praise,
 I've pass'd, in vice or sloth, inglorious days, 100
 But

(*k*) Sir George Baker, Bart. Physician to the King, a Gentleman of deep and extensive classical knowledge. His situation in life sufficiently declares his professional talents.

(*l*) William Gifford, Esq. Author of the *Baviad* and the *Mæviad*.

(*m*) ANTONY STORER, Esq. a Gentleman of fortune and fashion, talents and accomplishments. His attainments in literature are various and considerable; and few men have a nicer skill in the principles of just and legitimate composition than Mr. Storer. He has read Quintilian with effect, and has drawn his knowledge and judgment from the best writers and critics of antiquity and of modern times.

But rais'd for you my firm unalter'd voice;
Fancy my guide and solitude my choice.

Though now no Syren voice be heard, no strain
Ascend from Pindus (*n*) or Arcadia's plain; 104
No Graces round th' Olympian throne of Jove
Bid the nine Virgins raise the chant of love:
The harp of Taliessin (*o*) lies unstrung,
Close by the loom round which Death's sisters sung,
Unfelt each charm of Odin's magic tree,
With many an uncouth Runic (*p*) phantasy: 110

Though

(*n*) I mean by these and several following lines to observe, that the *Pagan Fable* is now exhausted, and the specious miracles of *Gothic Romance* have never of late years produced a poet. Perhaps the latter were more adapted to true poetry than the pagan inventions. Witness the sublimer productions of modern Italy.

(*o*) A year or two ago proposals were offered by Mr. Owen to publish the works of the Bard *Taliessin*, but no encouragement could be obtained. Such is the time.

(*p*) Mr. Mathias, (the author of the *Essay on the Evidence, &c.* on the long-disputed subject of the poems ascribed to Rowley in the 15th century, and which I mentioned in a note to the First Part of the P. of L.) several years ago attempted to excite

Though now no temper'd lance, no magic brand,
 No Durindana (g) waves o'er fabled land;
 No nightly-rounding Ariel floats unseen,
 Or flames' amazement o'er the desert green;
 No wizards hold, some blasted pine beneath, 115
 Their horrid sabbath on the darken'd heath;
 Say, are the days of blest delusion fled?
 Must fiction rear no more her languid head?
 No more the Muse her long-lost transports know,
 Nor trace the fount whence living waters flow? 120
 Awake, ye slumb'ring Rulers of the song!
 Each in your solemn orders pass along,
 In sacred radiance o'er your mountain old
 Yet once again your dignities unfold,
 And fill the space; your scepter'd glories claim, 125
 And vindicate the great Pierian name.

O C T A.

excite the curiosity of the public to the remains of northern antiquity, by a lyrical imitation of some Runic fragments. I wish the example had been followed.

(g) The name of the sword of Orlando in Ariosto,

OCTAVIUS.

Are these a poet's only themes? I fear,
No verse like this will find a patient ear.

AUTHOR.

Hear yet awhile:—the dread resistless pow'r
That works deep-felt at inspiration's hour, 130
He claims alone—

OCTAVIUS.

Who claims?

AUTHOR.

The favour'd BARD, (r)
Who nobly conscious of his just reward,

With

(r) I mean here to give a character of the Poet, *as such*, and of the sources whence the art itself is drawn. I would wish to express *generally*, what Proclus (in one of his dissertations on the *Illustra* of Plato, Ed. fol. Basil. 1534. p. 430.) would call with a sublime dignity the *Ποιητικὴ τέχνη διαλεκτικὴ*,"

PART IV.

410

With loftier soul and undecaying might
 Paints what he feels in characters of light, 134
 Hears in each blast some consecrated rhyme,
 Trac'd by the spirit of the troublous clime.

He turns : and instantaneous all around
 Cliffs whiten, waters murmur, voices sound,
 Portentous forms in heav'ns ærial hall
 Appear, as at some great supernal call. 140

Thence oft in thought his steps ideal (s) haste
 To rocks and groves, the wilderness or waste ;
 To where old Tadmor's (t) regal ruins lie
 In desolation's sullen majesty ; 144

Or

when the poet exerts his highest faculties, or (in the language of Proclus in the same place) 'Οταν ενθουσιαζαν, και ταις Μουσαις κατοχοςων, κατα ΤΗΝ ΠΡΩΤΗΝ ΕΡΕΡΥΕΙ ΚΑΙ ΕΝΘΕ-ΟΝ ΠΟΙΗΤΙΚΗΝ."

(s) I speak of the effect of *local* situation on the mind of the poet. But if he is deprived of the power of visiting these great and awful scenes of nature, (sometimes assisted and improved by art,) an imagination, bold and fervid, may in some degree supply that want by recourse to the most finished representations of them by the more sublime painters and artists. Stuart, Wood, and Piranesi may raise ideas worthy of the Poet, and pour upon his fancy all the ancient dignity of Athens, of Palmyra, or of Rome.—I cannot but present my reader with the form of an Oath

Or where Carthusian (v) tow'rs the pilgrim draw,
 And bow the soul with unresisted awe,
 Where Bruno, from the mountain's pine-clad brow,
 Survey'd the world's inglorious toil below;
 Then, as down ragged cliffs the torrent roar'd,
 Prostrate great Nature's present God ador'd, 150
 And bade, in solitude's extremest bourn,
 Religion hallow the severe sojourn.

To HIM the Painter gives his pencil's might;
 No gloom too dreadful and no blaze too bright,
 What time to mortal ken he dares unveil 155
 THE inexpressive FORM (x) in semblance frail,

H 2

To

Oath on such a subject from *the last classical Poet* under the expiring monarchy of France, the famous Delisle. I am as ready on this subject, as himself, to swear at *the high altar of the Muses*:

"Hélas! *je n'ai point vu* ce séjour enchanté,
 Ces beaux lieux où Virgile a tant de fois chanté;
 Mais j'en jure et Virgile et ses accords sublimes,
 J'irai: de l'Apennin je franchirai les cimes,
 J'irai, plein de son nom, plein de ses vers sacrés,
 Les lire aux mêmes lieux qui les ont inspirés.

Les Jardins L. 1.

(1) He built *Tadmor* in the Wilderness." Chron. B. 2. ch. 8. v. 4. It is remarkable that Mr. Wood observes, that the natives, at this day, call *Palmyra* by the original appellation of *Tadmor*.

(v) The famous monastery, called "The Grande Chartreuse." The retirement of Saint Bruno.

(x) The Pictures of the Supreme Being by Raphael and Michael Angelo. There is one picture of THE SUPREME BEING separating the light from the darkness, in the Vault of the Capella Sestina in Rome, by Michael Angelo which, I believe, has

To the strain'd view presents the yawning tomb,
Substantial horrors and eternal doom.

To Him the pow'rs of harmony (y) resort,
And as with random glance and fiercer port 160
He scans th' ethereal wilderness around,
Pour on his ear the thrilling stream of sound,
Strains that from full-strung chords at distanceswell,
Notes breathing soft from music's inmost cell, 164
While to their numerous pause, or accent deep,
His choral passions dread accordance keep.

Thence musing, lo he bends his weary eyes
On life and all it's sad realities ;
Marks how the prospect darkens in the rear, 169
Shade blends with shade, and fear succeeds to fear,
Mid forms that flit through the malignant gloom,
Till Death unbar the cold sepulchral room,

Such is the Poet : bold, without confine,
Imagination's "*charter'd libertine*," (z)

He
has never been engraved. Mr. Fuseli, I think, said so, when I
enquired about it. I allude also to the picture of the Last Judg-
ment, by the same Master.

(y) The power of Music on the mind of the Poet.

(z) "The air, a *chartered libertine*, is still."

Shakspeare. H. V.

He scorns in apathy to float or dream 175
 On listless Satisfaction's torpid stream,
 But dares ALONE in vent'rous bark to ride
 Down turbulent Delight's tempestuous tide;
 While thoughts encount'ring thoughts in conflict fierce
 Tumultuous rush, and labour into verse, 180
 Then, as the swelling numbers round him roll,
 Stamps on th' immortal page the visions of his soul.

OCTAVIUS.

Nay, if you feed on this cælestial strain,
 You may with Gods hold converse, not with men;
 Sooner the people's right shall Horsley (a) prove;
 Or Sutton (aa) cease to claim the public love, 186
 And e'er forego, from dignity of place,
 His polish'd mind and reconciling grace;

Sooner

(a) I allude to Bishop Horsley's intemperate and unadvised speeches in Parliament. An injudicious friend is worse than an enemy. I believe Mr. Pitt thinks so.

(aa) Dr. CHARLES MANNERS SUTTON, Bishop of Norwich. A Prelate whose amiable demeanour, useful learning, and conciliating habits of life particularly recommend his episcopal character. No man appears to me so peculiarly marked out for THE HIGHEST DIGNITY of the church, *sic vacante*, as Dr. SUTTON.

Sooner Stentorian (aaa) Davies cease to talk,

And for *his* Eton leave his Bond street walk ; 190

Or

(aaa) The Rev. Jonathan Davies D.D. Provost of Eton College; a learned, pleasant, generous, open-hearted, good-tempered man, but rather too much of a Stentor in conversation :

Στέντορι εισαμένος μεγαλήτορι χαλκοφωνῶν,

Ὅς τὸσον αὐδῆσασκ' ὍΣΟΝ ΑΛΛΟΙ ΠΕΝΤΗΚΟΝΤΑ.

Hom. II. 5.

MR. PROVOST has an invincible *partiality* for the charms of London, whenever *his duty* does not oblige him to be at his Lodge. The reason is simple. The air at Eton bites shrewdly, in London it smells wooingly, &c. &c. &c.

Extract from a M.S. found in Long Chamber at Eton, the hand writing conjectured to be by Dr. HEATH the Head Master, and one of the Assistants. It was found on one of Mrs. HEATH's Ball-Nights during Lent, given to the *Lau-torum Pueri* for the advantage and credit of the School.

—N. B. ETON SCHOOL, like many other great and useful public schools, stands in need of many new and strong regulations, which the interest of this kingdom and the nature of the times call for with a voice not to be disregarded by the masters and governors. It is not to be dissembled (it is my office to speak openly and boldly) that Boys now actually divide themselves into *political parties*. There is indeed a general licentiousness of spirit among modern boys, which the public good requires to be repressed. It is not by a false and specious *liberality* that this evil is to be subdued. If masters and governors are firm and inflexible in their regulations, what can the children do? I laugh at the idle apprehension of *rebellion* in a School. If I were the Master of Eton, I would begin by THE ABOLITION OF THE MONTEM immediately. It is very improper, and very foolish. There is a meanness and sometimes an audacity in this authorised mode of collecting money on the highway which I wonder young Gentlemen of birth and family are not ashamed of, and can even wish to continue. It is something between alms and plunder. Harrow school has no longer its ancient and dangerous custom of "shooting for the silver arrow."—I mention the abolition of THE MONTEM (though it occurs but once in three years, only as an introduction to many other salutary and necessary restrictions in ALL public Schools. I have seen the nature of a *rebellion* (as it is called) in a college and a school, and nothing can be more foolish and impotent. If the Parents, Friends, and Guardians co-operate with Masters of Schools and Colleges, what can children and young men ultimately effect, when it is considered, by what laws and hopes their future interest and advancement in life are bound-in, cabined, and confined? The majority of such petty

Revolu.

Or Warren (*b*) in his well-curv'd palm confound
 An ancient guinea with a modern (*bb*) pound;
 Sooner *one* Prelate hate th' unequal glass,
 And *round* (*d*) his table let the Claret pass;

O'er

Revolutionists and embryo Democrats are always restrained in a short time, and their successors never feel the absence of what they never expected. Let every Master of a College and a public School boldly and vigorously and instantly adopt the words and spirit of Cicero to his friend Atticus. "*In qua Ego nactus, ut mihi videbar, locum resecandæ libidinis et coercendæ juventutis, vehemens fui et omnes profundi vires animi atque ingenii mei, non odio adductus alicujus sed spe reipublicæ corrigendæ et sanandæ civitatis. AFFLICTA EST RESPUBLICA!*"—Cic. Ep. ad Attic. L. 1. E. 18. I hope this note will be regarded with the attention it deserves from the public.

(*b*) A learned and able Physician of the time. "*The well curv'd palm*" is the attitude of a modern physician, when he is about to leave his patient, and which he as naturally closes upon his fee as a lobster does his claw. As I have a high respect for the Medical art, I will gratify Dr. Warren and many other ingenious gentlemen of the profession with an Extract from one of the Elogia written by Sammarthanus; it relates to a physician whom he names *Marescottus*. "*Recorderis Marescottum nostrum triase sacræ arti nostræ (Medicæ scilicet) debere professum, quibus caruisset si propositum a parentibus sacerdotium suscepisset; scilicet, sanitatem athleticam ætatis anno 82mo, centum aureorum millia, atque intimam innumerorum illustrium amicitiam.*" Sammarth. Elog. p. 83 and 4.—N.B. Though the Doctor rejected the *propositum sacerdotium* for himself, yet his Brother my Lord of Bangor was made into a Bishop by fraternal skill in the reign of Lord North.—Since this note was first printed, the public have lamented the loss of this acute and very learned physician. *Dum loquimur.* &c. &c. (July 1797.)

(*bb*) This allusion was evidently made since the 26th of Feb. 1797, soon after which the Bank issued the *One pound* notes, to the great disquiet of the faculty.

(*d*) "*Siccat inæquales calices Convirva Sacerdos.*" It is well known by the Clergy of a powerful diocese, that on public days when the Claret or Burgundy arrives at a certain distance from the top of the table, where my Lord is seated, the attracting power suddenly draws the bottles across the table. When avarice, pride, and meanness act upon the mind at once, I leave it to the metaphysicians to determine the curve in which it moves.—I say no more.

O'er *his* true church the crafty St. Pol (e) sleep, 195
Or bounds with Heretics John Milner (f) keep ;

Or

(e) The Bishop of St. Pol de Leon, to whom the chief care of the public largess of this kingdom to the French Emigrants *sacred and profane* is committed. See the portrait of his Catholic Lordship in the public print shops of London. It is impossible to doubt the apparent propriety of the epithet I have given him, if we only glance on the portrait.—I refer the reader to *all* my notes on the Roman Catholic cause, in the Third Part of the P. of L. It is indeed true that THE POPEDOM IS NOW FALLEN; but *the spirit of it*, I still maintain, is neither extinct nor asleep. By way of *Contrast*, I cannot refrain from presenting to the reader the picture of Pope PAUL THE FOURTH, as drawn by the master hand of Paolo Sarpi. I will not injure the sublimity and force of the language by a translation. He well knew the court and the policy of Papal Rome, and they knew him. “E’ben cosa certa, che PAOLO, come quello che era d’animo grande e de’ vasti pensieri, teneva per sicuro di poter remediare a tutti i disordini *per la sola sua autorità pontificale*, ne riputava di aver *bisogna* in ciò di Principe alcuno; solito di non parlar mai con gli Ambasciadori, *se non intonandogli nelle orecchie che EGLI ERA SOPRA TUTTI GLI PRINCIPI*; che non voleva che alcuno d’essi domesticasse seco, *che poteva mutar i regni*, che era Successor di CHI hà deposto Re et Imperadori.” Ist. del Concil. Trident. Lib. 5. This picture of a Pope, in the plenitude of pontifical power, should be presented to all Christian Countries “*in perpetuam rei memoriam*,” that they may contemplate what this spiritual tyranny and usurpation once were, and what the principles of the Romish Church sacred and political (which *never change* in essence, substance, or spirit under any calamity) will at *all times* naturally introduce, whenever they obtain their full operation. “*Ubi PAPA, ibi Roma!*” in *secula seculorum!* Let *England* look to this.

Or Wilberforce range lawless through the town ;

I

Or

(*f*) To the revival of the Roman Catholic Cause in Great Britain, "*Pestis ero vivens.*" In our dread and natural horror of Atheism and of anarchy, why are *we* to revive superstition and tyranny ? I have nothing to do with the emancipation of the Catholics in Ireland, but to my apprehension it is a measure full of danger. It is at one stroke to alter the fundamental law and constitution of the country. I write in Great Britain, and direct my thoughts for this kingdom, wishing for *peace, tranquillity, and union* between the two Islands.—I have given more time and study to *this Roman Catholic subject* than any man perhaps, *at this time*, will think it deserves. I have perused many a dull and uninteresting tract, even of their own squabbles among one another, much to the loss of my own quiet. In general I pass them over and consign them to their own dullness. But there is one pamphlet, not for any even the least excellence of the composition but for the virulence of its spirit, which I call into public notice, if the public will or can feel upon the subject. It is entitled "A Reply to the Report published by the Cisalpine Club on the authenticity of the Protestation at the British Museum, &c. &c. by the Rev. John Milner," Printed for Coghlan, Duke Street, Grosvenor Square. 1795. It is written, as the title page informs me, by one JOHN MILNER, a Provincial Priest resident (*as I am told*) at Winchester, not an emigrant, nor in the King's House (while the Priests lived there *en masse*;) but the priest of a private chapel in that city. He seems by his writings, (I know no more of him) to be of the most intolerant principles *and deliberate* in the application of them. He exhibits at once the extremes of fierceness and of impotence. But he represents the opinions of a *very large* portion of their body by whom he is *accredited*. He is very cautious in this pamphlet, as he thinks, but his caution speaks plainer language than the frankness of the most open declaration. "It is apprehended (he says) that the publication of

PART IV.

"the

Or Mingay be the glory of his gown;
 Or Erskine cease from impotent grimace, 199
 And his appeals to (g) God, his prime disgrace;
 Or

"the facts in question *might prove detrimental to the Catholic Interest* (observe the words) *on any FUTURE application to the Legislature.*" p. 36. We see this *wary* priest has not thought proper to conceal that *they have FURTHER intentions*. He tries the ground before him, but his steps are uneasy. The indulgence, it seems, is not to *rest here*. The lenity of our government naturally leads to other *demands*. With this clue in my hand, I have little difficulty to pass through the intricacy of this Romish labyrinth. In another part of Mr. Milner's "REPLY," his indignation rises against some expressions in the declaration of the Catholics. We see the embers under which the fire is not yet extinguished. He is afraid *we Protestants* should think that the spirit of *his church* has suffered an abatement. "Thus to *my judgment* (he cries out) *am I and the whole Catholic Body, without consenting to it*, pledged in the face of the Legislature to *condemn the wars of Charlemagne, and THE CRUSADE against THE INFAMOUS ALBIGENSES.*" p. 28. I hope we are all children of mercy, trained and educated in the benevolence and charity which Christ has taught and enforced, and if we have read the history of that infernal and murderous persecution of the devoted Albigenes, (whose *chief* crime was their determined opposition and resistance to the Papal tyranny†) what opinion or what comment shall we form on this merciless Priest, who *after the lapse of centuries*, feels the *same* passions and the *same* thirst of blood against these innocent victims of popish and arbitrary violence. *Crimine ab uno DISCE OMNES!*

† The Albigenes were a sect of the Waldenses, who had their rise in the twelfth century. I know what *the malice* of their enemies has suggested against

Or one mean cause the virtuous (*h*) Scott maintain,
 Turn law to trade, or deem religion vain ;
 Or (*ii*) Rose with coy submission, modest grace,
 Rise to explain his sinecures and place ;
 Or smirking Abbot from old statutes rest, 205
 And his self-consequence with law (*i*) digest ;
 Or the Bank bow to Pitt's imperial creed ;
 Or Dramatists to *public trust* succeed.

Nor think, a Poet's name I lightly prize,
 Taught by the muse and by her wisdom wise ; 210

I 2

But

(*g*) Nothing can be more offensive, more injudicious, and in some instances more profane, than when a *Barrister appeals to God* for the truth of every assertion made in a court of law, and in many cases when the facts have been doubtful, and sometimes have been afterwards proved to be false. I call this a *prime disgrace* ; and I hope no Barrister of ability will follow this flippant rash habit of Mr. Erskine, in the Court of King's Bench, which we have all so repeatedly witnessed. Mr. Erskine's own better sense and serious thought will restrain him in future. But public men must be told of their faults publicly.

(*h*) Sir John Scott, Attorney General.

(*ii*) George Rose, Esq. Secretary to the Treasury, &c. &c. &c. &c.

(*i*) Charles Abbot Esq. M.P. the new *Digester* of the laws and the proposer of some useful regulations. The Profession are afraid he will *cut too close* in his Reports to Parliament. The little shrewd Senator will smile and smirk, if he is told so. I would by no means discourage or depreciate the labours of a scholar and
 a very

against them. This is not a place to *discuss* history, but I refer the statesman to Thuanus L. 1. S. 16. Vol. 1. p. 221. Ed. Buckley. N.B. For their confession of faith, which was presented to King Francis the First, by the wretched remnant of these Albigenes, I refer the theological and political reader to Sandius's Hist. Eccles. It is an honour to their religion. Sandius's words begin. " A. 1544. Merindoliani et Caprarienses &c. existentesque Reliquie Albigenium sequentem fidei suæ confessionem obtulerunt Francisco I. Regi Galliarum, quam a majoribus quasi per manus acceperant, abhinc anno post Christi Incarn : 1200," &c. Sand Hist. E. p. 425.

But in the wane of Empires (mark the hour)
 Vice and the sword consolidate all pow'r;
 Laws pass their (*k*) bounds; few statesmen stand
 erect;

All in their country's name, themselves protect;
 The Constitution sounds in every speech, 215
 The words an insult, and each act a breach;
 The public hopes with public credit sink—
 At *such* an hour, when men to madness think,
 What is a Poet, what is fiction's strain? 219
 JUNIUS (*l*) might probe a Nation's wounds in vain.

As

a very sensible man; but I recommend to him the attentive perusal of "The Memoirs of P.P." Clerk of the Parish (*of St. Stephen's*) who "with the sweat of his hands *did make plain and smooth the dogs ears* throughout the great Statute Book, &c.&c."

(*k*) The violence, sedition, and daring wickedness of *times like these* produce the necessity of *extending* laws and regulations, and acts which are declared *temporary*, and called for by that necessity alone. When the danger is passed, the Constitution is again left to protect itself by its ancient laws, if that danger can *now* or ever pass from us. This is what Octavius seems to mean, by "laws *passing* their bounds," &c. in this and the *following* lines; and in this sense I hope he will be understood.

(*l*) O magnâ sacer et superbus umbrâ!

Stat. Sylv. L. 2. Carm. 7.

Junius told the nation, that "a time might arrive, at which
 "every inferior consideration must yield TO THE SECURITY OF THE
 "So.

As from a diamond globe, with rays condense,
 'Tis SATIRE gives the strongest light to sense,
 To thought compression, vigour to the soul,
 To language bounds, to fancy due controul,
 To truth the splendor of her awful face, 225
 To learning dignity, to virtue grace,
 To conscience stings beneath the cap or crown,
 To vice that terror she will feel and own.

But if in love with fiction still, at court
 Present in verse some new Finance Report, 230
 How taxes, funds and debts shall disappear,
 Or in the fiftieth or five-hundredth year.
 Or tread the maze of *picturesque* delight,
 From Holwood paint with Pitt the prospect bright;
 Without one "line of boundary" to speech, 235
 The summit of *conceit* with Gilpin (*m*) reach;

In

"SOVEREIGN, and to THE GENERAL SAFETY of the State." In-
 troduct. to Lett. 35. This is not the doctrine of Horne Tooke
 and the desperate French factions and seditious societies now in
 England.—JUNIUS had not *so learned* the Constitution of Eng-
 land; nor has the Author of the P. of L. so learned it.

In *Desolation's* dread *partitions* felt,
 With *dip* and *bole*, *grand masses*, *burst* and *belt*,
 With *shudders tremulous* explore your way,
 Through *flashy inundations* (*mm*) led astray, 249
 Till tir'd and jaded with the coxcomb strains,
 Homeward you steal "through Surrey's (*n*) quiet
 lanes," Renounce

(*n*) I am under the necessity of making a strong remonstrance against the language of MR. GILPIN's writings on Landscape and the Picturesque. It is such a *sartago* or jargon of speech as is wholly unnecessary, though we are taught to believe them appropriate terms. They absolutely appear in troops. *Dips—Boles—Grand Masses—Belts—Bursts—tremulous Shudders—flashy Inundations—partitions of desolation—continents of precipice*—and a hundred more, till the English language sets all English meaning at defiance. These terms are not the *parce detorta* of Horace, but mere jargon and foolish affectation. Dilettanti and Connoisseurs almost blush to use them. A term or word may not be quite obvious or easy, yet it may not be affected. But the rage of *Concetto* admits no "line of boundary," as these gentlemen love to talk. To use the words of Shakspeare in one of *his own* plays, as it now seems, (for Dr. Farmer and George Steevens, Esq. take from him and give to him *just as they please*) "They absolutely make a battery through our defenceless parts." Pericles Prince of Tyre, Act. 5. Sc. 1.—Simplicity in language is first to be sought. Strength and dignity will follow. Government, the arts, morality, and religion, are all concerned in it's preservation. MR. GILPIN's works on other subjects have and deserve high approbation. In all but the picturesque he seems as ready as any man to say, "*State super vias antiquas.*"

Renounce all Gilpin's jargon, said or sung, 241
And talk of Nature's works in Nature's tongue.
But still keep *Method*.

AUTHOR.

Method ?

OCTAVIUS.

Yes: 'tis plain, 245

Connection, order, *method* you disdain :

You write when in the humour, scarce exact,

The thoughts disjointed, nor the sense compact;

'Tis Conversation, not by rule and book,

I wish you would attend to placid (o) Cook; 250

From

(mm) *Anglicæ*, " Fens."

(n) " Stealing through the quiet lanes of Surry," is an easy and happy expression (*cur non omnia?*) of Mr. Gilpin's. *Observat.* in the Lakes of Westmoreland, &c. Vol. 2. p. 268.

From science A to science B proceed,
I hate your zig-zag verse and wanton heed.

AUTHOR.

Your counsel's good: I'll lock it in my breast,
Like Mansfield, I ne'er *enter* (*h*) my protest:

But

(*o*) See a late Poem called "CONVERSATION" by W. Cook Esq.—I have read this poem a second time, and upon *re*-consideration, it appears to me useful and written in a gentlemanly style, didactic, temperate, and by no means inelegant in the verse or the composition. An attention to the precepts, however self-evident, is too much neglected. We all are fond of the conversation of the table, or as Lucian happily calls it the Φιλίας μεσιτις Τραπεζα, the οφειλομενη απολαυσις. * The least honour I shall do to Mr. Cook, is to drink his health in my sober cups, and success to his social endeavours to promote regulated pleasantries and the manners of a gentleman.

(*h*) The great Lord Mansfield Chief Justice of the King's Bench, and his nephew the late very learned (*ci-devant*) Lord Stormont, made a rule never to enter a protest on the Journals of the House of Lords.

* Lucian. Op. Epwtes. p. 571. Edit. Bourdelot.

But say, a simple story shall I tell? 255

A MAN OF METHOD is the theme.

OCTAVIUS.

'Tis well.

AUTHOR.

There liv'd a Scholar (*q*) late, of London fame,

A Doctor, (*r*) and Morosophos (*s*) his name:

K From

(*q*) When I am very particular in the description of a character, I abstain from giving the least hint of a real name. "Quis rapiet ad se quod erit commune omnium?" or in Le Sage's language, "*qui se fera connoître mal à propos*?" I only give this as *A Character*, and say no more.

(*r*) The word and title of "DOCTOR" is miserably abused. Erasmus long ago in an Epistle from Louvain in 1520 to the celebrated Cardinal Campeggio, observed with some indignation, "*Unde DOCTORIS titulo gloriantur, nisi UT DOCEANT?*" Erasmus Epist. Ed. Lond. Fol. p. 652. I wish this were written in large characters over the door of the theatre at Oxford and the Senate House at Cambridge.

PART IV.

From all the pains of study freed long since,
 Far from a Newton, and not quite a (t) Vince ; 260
 In metaphysics bold would spread his sails,
 And with Monboddo still believ'd (v) in tails;
 At anatomic lore would sometimes peep,
 And call Earle (x) useful, Abernethy (y) deep ;

With

(s) *Morosophos*. Stulté sapiens.—But more presently of Dr.
MOROSOPHOS, the Man of Method.

(t) A learned and useful Professor of Natural Experimental
 Philosophy at Cambridge. See his works.

(v) All the learned world knows how Lord Monboddo believed
 and still believes, that men had once *tails* depending from the
gable end of their bodies, supposing them to go upon all fours.
 N.B. Dr. Johnson defines the *gable end* to be "the sloping roof of
 a building," and he gives a pleasant instance from Mortimer's
 Husbandry. "Take care that all your brick work be covered
 &c. without *gable ends*, which are very heavy, &c."

(x) James Earle Esq. Senior Surgeon at St. Bartholomew's
 Hospital, and Editor of the celebrated PERCIVAL POTT's Works.
 I have been informed that the notes which Mr. Earle has added
 are valuable ; nor would I pass in silence the treatises he has given
 to the world in his own name, the result of extensive practice and
 accurate observation.

With Symonds and with Grafton's Duke (2) would
A Dilettante in Divinity ; 266 [vie,

K 2

A

(y) A young Surgeon of an accurate and philosophical spirit of investigation, from whose genius and labours I am led to think, the medical art and natural science will hereafter receive great accessions.

(z) The Duke of Grafton, the Chancellor, and John Symonds, L.L.D. Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge, have both attracted the public attention by their various *Hints* and *Observations* on Subjects of Scripture.—I will also offer a remark or two, which are *new* to me, on a passage in St. Paul's Epistles, if another Layman may be heard with indulgence. There is no particular conjecture as to the peculiar meaning or force of the following passage of St. Paul in the Second Epistle to Timothy. "*The Cloak* which I left at Troas bring with thee, and the books, but especially the *parchments*." Ep. 2. C. 4. v. 13. I would hint, that this Epistle was written from Rome when Paul was brought before Nero the second time. Εγγραφή απο Ρωμης, οτε εκ δευτερας παρεστη Παυλος τω Καισαρι Νερωνι. In the 22d Chapter of the Acts, Paul was tenacious of the privilege of Roman Citizenship, and it proved of much advantage to him before the Centurion. It may be, and it is, a matter of mere *conjecture*, whether he might be required to prove himself a Citizen of Rome, when he was to make his defence. These *parchments* (μεμβραναί) might contain some documents, or be a deed or diploma of some consequence to the matter in question. But as to the *Cloak*, there is something more particular. The *Cloak* in the original, is Φελωνης, or Φαιλωνης, which is undoubtedly a corruption for Φαινολης, and it is so read

in

A special clerk for *method* and for *plan*,
Through science by the alphabet he ran.

He

in the Codex M.S. Bibliothecæ Cæsareæ Viennensis. Φαινολη; was *grecised* from the Roman word *Panula*. This is no more than was done frequently in other languages and in other countries. Particularly when the seat of Empire was transferred from Rome to Byzantium, the lawyers of the Imperial Courts were obliged to *grecise* many terms of law; as Φιδεικομισσαρις for *fidei commissarius*, Ρεπεδιον for *repudium*, (as in this passage, “Ευλογως ἡ γυνη το Ρεπεδιον στείλειε κτλ.” Justinian. Novell. 22.) Κηνσευειν, for *Censere*, Εξπεδιτον, for *Expedi-tum* or *Expediitio*, κομπρομισσον for *compromissum*, and other words, as may be seen in Du Fresne's and other Lexicons, but in particular in a most singular and scarce Glossary by Meursius.* And in the East, before the accession of the House of Timour, the *Arabian* language was prevalent in *Hindoostan*, when the Hindoo Rajas had Communication with the Mahommedan princes; and it is remarkable, that the *Arabian* language is used technically in the Code of Gentoo laws. Ch. 2. S. 3. “That is a woman's property, during the *Ayammi Shaddee*,” which is the *Arabic* term for the *Days of marriage*. The trial of Mahorajah Nundocomar for forgery before the Supreme Court of Judi-

* “Joannis Meursii Glossarium Græco—Barbarum, in quo præter vocabula quinque millia quadringenta, Officia atque Dignitates Imperii Constantinop. tam in Palatio, quam in Ecclesia aut Militia explicantur et illustrantur.” Lugd. Bat. 1614.

He took, not e'en in thought inclin'd to rove,

A wife for regularity, not love; 270

A

Judicature in Bengal, will furnish many singular instances.— But to return to the *Φαινολης* or *Pænula*. I would observe that when the Roman state degenerated into a monarchy, many Citizens laid aside the *Toga* and wore the *Pænula*, or the *Lacerna* in it's stead. Augustus highly disapproved of this change in their dress. He was, as Suetonius informs us, *indignabundus*, and gave orders to the *Ædiles* on the subject: "*Negotium Ædilibus dedit, ne quem posthac in foro paterentur, nisi positis lacernis, togatum consistere.*" Octav. C. 40. But the *Pænula* was still worn. As the *Pænula* was so specifically a Roman garment and worn only by Romans, St. Paul might wish, as a slight confirmation of his point, to shew what was his customary dress. It may be remarked, that the *Pænula* was a vestment, which the Romans generally wore upon a journey. Juvenal observes in Sat. 5. "*Multo stillaret Pænula nimbo,*" and St. Paul says, that "*he left it behind him at Tröas.*"—This is only written as a mere literary remark to hint, that in the minutest passages of the Scriptures there may be some meaning; and that nothing can be so contemptible as a foolish and a profane ridicule on any passage in the sacred writings, founded on ignorance. The present remarks are intended as a matter of some little curiosity. But I think there is no passage in the Hebrew or Greek Scriptures which will not at last admit of such an illustration or explanation, I mean *philologically* or *critically*, as may put to silence the ignorance of foolish men. Much general information is to be obtained from Harmer's valuable and satisfactory Observations on the Scriptures, collected from Voyages and Travels in the East; (four volumes 8vo.) and from "Letters from some Jews to Mr. Voltaire."

A little architect in all his schemes,
 Some say he had *a method* in his dreams.
 Fond of his ease, his Travels were at home,
 And Lum'sden(*a*)taught him to converse of Rome:
 On Sundays at Sir Joseph's (*b*) never fail'd, 275
 So regular, you might have thought him bail'd;
 With

taire." A man of real erudition, who merits the esteem of his fellow-creatures, constantly keeps his knowledge, his reason, and his *prudence* connected indissolubly, or as it is well expressed by a philosopher, *Εν συναρμογᾷ ἀδιαλυτῶ κατὰ λόγον ἀριστον*. Plat. Timæ. Loc. de anim. mundi. Plat. Op. Edit. Serrrani Tom. 3. pag. 95.

(*a*) That ingenious and learned gentleman, ANDREW LUMISDEN, Esq. F.A.S. Edinb. has since that time *taught us all* in the most agreeable scholar-like manner. See "His remarks on the Antiquities of ROME and it's Environs, being a classical and topographical Survey of the Ruins of that celebrated City." 4to. 1797. It is a pleasing and most judicious performance of a Gentleman who appears to have enjoyed the united advantages of foreign travel, studious leisure, and polite company.

(*b*) Sir Joseph Banks, Bart. Knight of the Bath, President of the Royal Society, Privy Counsellor, &c. &c. has instituted a meeting at his house in Soho Square, every Sunday evening, at

With Jones a linguist, Sanscrit, Greek, or Manks,
 And could with Watson play some chemic pranks;
 Yet far too wise to roast a diamond (bb) whole,
 And for a treasure find at last a coal. 280
 Would sometimes treat, was liberal of cash,
 (Not your damn'd (c) dollars, or Bank-paper trash)

Then

at which the Literati and men of rank and consequence, and men of no consequence at all, find equally a polite and pleasing reception from that distinguished Gentleman. SIR JOSEPH BANKS is fitted for his station in the learned world not more from his attainments and the liberality of his mind, than by his particular and unremitting attention to the interest and advancement of natural knowledge, and his generous patronage of the Arts.

(bb) The ingenious Mr. Tenant has shewn, in a paper read at the Royal Society, that he can reduce a *Diamond* by evaporation to *Charcoal*. I hear Mrs. Hastings and other great possessors of diamonds have a kind of *Tenanto-phobia*, and are shy of this gentleman. A poor Poet, like myself, who has neither diamonds nor any thing precious belonging to him, can only remind Mr. Tenant and the Royal Society of the old proverb, "*Carborescit prothesauro.*"

(c) This verse was evidently written after the 26th of Feb. 1797, after the order of Council was sent to the Bank of England,

Then talk'd, like Indian (*d*) Rennell, rather long,
 And would at times regale you with a song,
 But seldom that ; in music though a prig, 285
 The little Doctor swell'd and look'd so big ;
 Nay to Greek (*e*) notes would trill a Grecian ode,
 In diatonic kind and Lydian mode,

And

gland, when the whole nation was made to pass through the pillars of Hercules.

(*d*) Major James Rennell, the great Geographer of India, ὁ πᾶν. A gentleman to whose accuracy and extent of knowledge this country is considerably indebted. But this has nothing to do with his conversation.

(*e*) Dr. Morosophos, the man of method, was rather troublesome to his friends on this subject of Greek Music. He wished to pass for another Meibomius. But there is still reason to think that he never saw the three hymns to Calliope, Apollo, and Nemesis, printed with the Greek musical notes to which they were sung, at the end of the Oxford edition of Aratus in 1672 by Dr. Fell, or the more accurate copy of these hymns in Mr. Burette's Memoire on this subject. Memoires de l'Academie des Inscriptions Tom. 5.—Dr. Morosophos knew but little of the system of the Lydian Mode in the diatonic genus. There is also reason to think that he knew as little, as Bishop Horsley, of the Προσλαμβανμενος, the Ὑπατη ὕπατων, or the Παρυπατη μεσων, &c.

And then with Burney, as his fit grew warmer,
 Convers'd of Stentor the great (*f*) *throat-performer*.
 Banks (*g*) gave him morning lessons how to dress,
 And Morgan (*h*) whisper'd courage and finesse:
 A Poet too he was, not very bright,
 Something between a Jerningham and (*i*) Knight;
 He dealt in tragic, epic, critic lore, 295
 With half, whole plans, and episodes in store,
Method was all; yet would he seldom write,
 He fear'd the ground-plot wrong, or—out of sight.

L

At

(*f*) "STENTOR is celebrated by Homer as the most illustrious *throat-performer* of antiquity." Burney's *Hist. of Music* 4to vol. 1. p. 340.

(*g*) Sir Joseph Banks, Bart. &c. I speak only of "*Morning habiliments*."

(*h*) Maurice Morgan, Esq. an ingenious writer, author of the pleasant *Extravaganza* on the *Courage* of Sir John Falstaff. Mr. M. is known to his friends by the name of *Sir John*. In his politics, he is of the *Lansdown School*.

(*i*) R. P. Knight, Esq. author of "The Progress of Civil Society," which he calls "a Poem."

PART IV.

At last THE DOCTOR gave his friends a work! 299
 (Not verse, like Cowper, or high prose, like Burke,)
 CHAMBERS ABRIDG'D! in sooth 'twas all he read,
 From fruitful A to unproductive Zed.

OCTAVIUS.

What then? for ever shall we wildly stray,
 And pluck each hare-bell in the flow'ry way,
 Or void of judgment, fire or critic force, 305
 Stoop to each golden apple in the course?
 I never can with argument dispense;
 Pope gave the verse, but Warburton (*k*) the sense.

AUTHOR.

'Tis true; by plan and syllabus (*l*) confin'd,
 Knight thus composes first the reader's mind; 310
 To

(*k*) Octavius is right in some degree. The commentary of Warburton on Pope's moral Poems is peculiarly valuable, and explains many seeming inconsistencies. Pope thought so himself.

To rouse attention is the poet's art,
 Knight calls to sleep, and acts a civil part,
 Save to his view when foul Priapus (*m*) rose,
 He wak'd to lust, in stimulating prose.
 But though that *Garden-God* forsaken dies; 315
 Another Cleland (*n*) see in LEWIS (*o*) rise.

L 2

Why

(*l*) *Par classes et par titres,*
 Dogmatizer en vers et rimer par chapitres,
 Boileau Sat. 8. 115.

(*m*) Concerning Mr. Knight's Treatise on the Worship of Priapus, in addition to what I before said (P. of L. Part I. v. 134. Note (*g*) I shall offer the spirited words of Clemens Alexandrinus, from his *Λογος Προτρεπτικός εις τής Ελλάδας* or "*Admonitio ad Gentes*:" "Ταυτα ὑμῶν τῆς ἡδοναθείας τα ἀρχετυπα, αὐται τῆς ἔβρεως αἱ θεολογίαι, αὐται τῶν συμπορευόντων ὑμῖν Θεῶν αἱ διδασκαλίαι"—Πανισκοι, καὶ γυμναὶ κοραὶ, καὶ ΜΟΡΙΩΝ ΕΝΤΑΣΕΙΣ ταῖς γραφαῖς ἀπογυμνωμεναι:—Ἡταιρηκεν ὑμῖν τα ὤτα, πεπορευκασιν οἱ ὀφθαλμοί, αἱ ὀφειὲς μεμοιχέυκασιν. Ὡς ἰσασαμενοι τὸν ἀνθρώπον, καὶ τὸ ἐνθεὸν τῷ πλασματὸς ἐλεγεῖται ἀπαρξάντες! κτλ.—"Clem. Alex. Edit. Commelin. 1616, p. 30. &c.—I now dismiss this odious Treatise on Priapus *for ever*.—N.B. The learned reader will recollect that Clemens Alexandrinus lived in the third century under Alexander Severus and Caracalla, was a native of Athens, and that the famous Origen studied in his school.

Why sleep the ministers of truth and law?
 Has the state no controul, no decent awe,
 While each with each in madd'ning orgies vie
 Pandars to lust and licens'd blasphemy? 320
 Can

(n) John Cleland, author of "The Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure."

(o) M. Lewis, Esq. M.P. author of "The Monk a Romance." in 3 Vol. (Vol. 2. Ch. 6 and 7.) See my Observations at length in the preface to this Fourth Part of the P. of L. pag. ii. and iii. — The publication of this novel by a Member of Parliament is in itself *so serious an offence to the public*, that I know not how the author can repair this breach of public decency, but by suppressing it himself.* I will give Mr. Lewis an extract from the ninth Book of the History of Procopius, called the *Historia Arcana* of the Emperor Justinian and the infamous Theodora. The words are these.

" Ἄλλο τε μοι εὐδὲν ἦθος περιμνημονεύσαι ταῦτε τῷ Ἀνθρώπῳ οὐδ' ὀτίουν οἶμαι. Ἀπαντα γὰρ αὐτῇ τὰ τῆς ψυχῆς παθὲν ἕτος ἀνὰ αξιοχρεῶς σημῖναι διαρκῶς εἴη. Ἐπεὶ ὅστις ἀλογησας τὴν ὑπὲρ τῶν πεπραγμένων τὴν αἰσχυνὴν, ἢ ἀπαξιοῖ τοῖς ἐντυγχάνουσι ἐδελυρὸς φανέσθαι, τῷ τῷ δὲ ἡδὲ μὴ παρὰ νομίας ἀταρπὸς ἀβάτος. Ἀλλὰ τὴν ἀναιδείαν αἰεὶ τῷ μετὰ πῃ προβέβλημένος, ῥᾶστα τε καὶ ἡδὲν πόνω ἐξ τῶν πράξεων τὰς μιαιωτάτας χωρεῖ." Procop. *Hist. Arcan.* Lib. 9. p. 46. Ed. Fol. Lugdun. 1623. — I wish Mr. Lewis may read and profit from this passage.

* Or Mr. Lewis might omit the indecent and blasphemous passages in another edition; there is neither genius nor wit in them, and the work as a composition would receive great advantage. I wish he may at least take this advice.

Can senates hear without a *kindred* rage?
 Oh may a poet's light'ning blast the page,
 Nor with the bolt of Nemesis in vain
 Supply the laws, that wake not to restrain!

Is ignorance the plea? since Blackstone drew 325
 The lucid chart, each labyrinth has a clue,
 Each law an index: students aptly turn
 To Williams, Hale, judicious (h) Cox, and Burns;
 Obscenity has now her code and priest,
 While anarchy prepares the dire Digest. 330

Methinks as in a theatre I stand,
 Mark vice with folly saunt'ring hand with hand,
 With

(h) Samuel Cox Esq. of the Court of Chancery, the Editor
 (at his leifure hours) of the Reports of Peere Williams. I am
 not very conversant with *professional* law books, but a learned
 person shewed me Mr. Cox's mode of illustration, and desired
 me to consider it. I really think, it seems as a model for all
 future Editors of Reports of former years. This plan is evi-
 dently the mode of a most judicious understanding and of a well-
 read Lawyer.—*Transeat in exemplum!*

With each strange form in motley masquerade,
 Featur'd grimace and impudence pourtray'd,
 While virtue, hov'ring o'er th'unhallow'd room, 335
 Seems a dim speck through sin's surrounding gloom:
 As through the smoak-soil'd glass (n) we spy from far
 The circling radiance of the Sirian Star,
 Faint wax the beams if strong the famy tint,
 Till the star fades, a mathematic point. 340

Sure from the womb I was untimely torn,
 Or in some rude inclement season born,
 The State turns harsh on fortune's grating hinge,
 And I untaught to beg, or crouch, or cringe;
 For me the fates no golden texture weave, 345
 Though happier far to give than to receive:
 Yet with unvaulting sober wishes blest,
 Ambition fled with envy from my breast;

For

(n) " If the eye glafs be tinted faintly with the smoke of a
 " lamp or torch to obscure the light of the star, the fainter
 " light in the circumference of the star ceases to be visible,
 " and the star (if the glafs be sufficiently soiled with smoke) ap-
 " pears something more like a mathematic point."

Newton's Optics. Prop. 7. Theor. 6.

For friendship form'd, in yon starr'd fields above
My Saturn's temper'd by the beam of Jove. 350

I cannot, will not, stoop with boys to rise,
And seize on Pitt, like Canning, (*nn*) by surprise,
Be led through Treasury vaults in airy dance,
And flatter'd into insignificance. (*o*)

I cannot, will not, in a college gown, 355
Vent my *first* nonsense on a patient town,
Quit the dull Cam, and ponder in the park
A *six-weeks Epic*, (*p*) or a Joan of Arc.

I leave

(*nn*) As posterity may know little of this young Gentleman, I shall add, that Mr. Canning was first an Eton boy, then wrote a little book of Essays, went to college, was then made M.P. and after some tuition and instruction from the accomplished George Rose, Esq. &c. &c. &c. made one of the Under Secretaries of State. (1797.)

(*o*) "Pessimum genus inimicorum *Laudantes*." Tacit. I know no man more qualified to be a Commentator on Tacitus than the Rt. Hon. William Pitt.

(*p*) Robert Southy, author of many ingenious pieces of poetry, of great promise, if the young gentleman would recollect what old Chaucer says of poetry,

" 'Tis every dele
A rock of ice and not of steel."

He gave to the public a long quarto volume of epic verses, JOAN
OF

I leave these early transports, and the calm
 Complacence, and the softly trickling balm 360
 Self-consolation sheds! more sweet than all
 Burke felt in senates, or Impeachment's Hall;
 Borne to that course, where thund'ring from afar
 The great Auruncian (*q*) drove his primal car.

E'en now, when all I view afflicts my sight, 365
 All that Horne Tooke (*a*) can plot, or Godwin (*b*)
 write;

Now

OF ARC, written as he says, in the preface, in *six weeks*. Had he meant to write well, he should have kept it at least six years. —I mention this, for I have been much pleased with many of the young gentleman's little copies of verses. I wish also that he would review *some of his principles*.

(*q*) Lucilius, the founder of Satire among the Romans, is stiled by Juvenal (Sat. 1.) the "Magnus Auruncæ alumnus." He was a native of Aurunca a town of ancient Latium in Italy.

(*a*) Mr. Horne Tooke, in the conclusion of his "Diversions of Purley," makes an apology for applying himself to subjects so trivial as grammatical discussions, in the year 1786. He uses the words of an Italian poet, which are very remarkable, though they never have been much noticed.

"Perche altrove non have
 Dove voltare il viso,
 Che gli è stato interciso
Mostrar CON ALTRE IMPRESE altra virtude."

The

Now when Translation to a pest is grown,
 And Holcroft to French treason adds his own,
 When Gallic Diderot in vain we shun,
 His blasted pencil, Fatalist, (aa) and Nun; 370

M

When

The hour was however approaching, when *his countenance* was to be turned to *other* thoughts, and he was to display *other* talents which had almost slept since the time of Junius. At the blast of the French Revolution he awoke from grammatical slumber, and found that *other* enterprises awaited him. We have traced his proceedings till his trial at the Old Bailey for high treason, Nov. 4, 1794. His *plans* were UNFOLDED, and though he was acquitted, and "Execution was not done on Cawdor," yet it is not impossible that hereafter, after his decease, some honest chronicler may be found,

" Who will report (in private)
 That very frankly he confess'd *his treasons*,
 Implor'd *his country's* pardon, and fet forth
 A deep repentance." (Macbeth.)

Till that hour arrives, I shall wait for the continuation of his grammatical researches, which are promised to the world, with the celebrated wish of the Satirist,

Ut vellem *his potius nugis tota illa dedisset*
 TEMPORA SEVITIÆ!

From the abilities and uncommon erudition of Mr. Horne Tooke I dread much, and from the calmness and mildness of his conversation I should apprehend perhaps more. But as I think THE WHOLE KINGDOM is fully, and deeply, and solemnly, and unalterably impressed with the nature, the malignity, the extent, the influence, and the terror of the grand Revolutionary Principle, and the desperate fury of Reforming societies, and embodied factions, I trust Great Britain and her Ministers will never suffer the arm of justice and vigilance to remit or to relax it's energies.

(δ) See my account of this weak and contemptible writer, William Godwin, and his *Political Justice*, in Part III. of the P. of L.—See also a future note in this part of the Poem.

PART IV.

When St. Pol (*c*) sounds the sacring bell, that calls
 His Priests *en masse* from Charles's ruin'd walls;
 When Thelwall, (*d*) for the season, quits the Strand
 To organize revolt by sea and land;
 Now, when our public vessel, as it rolls, 375
 Is left to Miles, John Gifford, or John Bowles; (*e*)

When

(*aa*) The names of his posthumous novels, translated for
 our benefit.

(*c*) The Bishop of St. Pol. de Leon, to whom the care of
 the French Emigrant priests is committed *en masse*. The reader
 may recollect they *were* maintained in the old mansion built
 by Charles the Second at Winchester.—The reader may be surprised,
 but he will find by the papers laid on the table of the
 House of Commons, on the 21st of December, 1796, that *no less*
 a sum than 540,000*l.* was issued in one year for French priests
 and Emigrants, *sacred and profane*.—See the Preface to the P. of
 L. Part IV.—Hear again the titular Bishop of Waterford the
 R. R. Dr. Hussey in his Pastoral Letter to the Catholic Clergy
 in his diocese, (London 1797, reprinted by Coghlan No. 37,
 Duke Street, Grosvenor Square). Speaking of the *total* Repeal
 of the POPERY Laws in Ireland, he *warns* those who *oppose* it in
 these terms. “THE VAST ROCK is already detached from the
 “mountain's brow, and whoever OPPOSES it's descent and removal,
 “MUST BE CRUSHED by his own-rash endeavours!” pag. 10. Is
 the common sense of England and of Ireland drunk? Or if it hath
 slept, will it not *now* awake? Can any man say that the *political*
 spirit of the Roman Catholic Religion is extinct, that it is dead,
 that it is dying? This titular Bishop warns us plainly enough.
 He has rocks and mountains at command in his cause, and all
 the powers of nature in their gigantic admeasurements appear
 at his great bidding.

Ὅσσαν ἐπ' Οὐλύμπῳ μεμασάν θεμεν, αὐτὰρ ἐπ' Ὀσσῇ

Πηλῖον εἰνοσιφύλλον, ἢ ὈΥΡΑΝΟΣ ἀμβρατος εἴη.—

KAI NY KEN ΕΞΕΤΕΛΕΣΣΑΝ! (Hom. Od. L. xi.)

(*d*) This indefatigable incendiary and missionary of the
 French Propaganda, John Thelwall, has now his *Schools of Reason*
 in country towns, &c. &c. Περίσσως ἐμμανιζόμενος.

When Barristers (f) turn authors; authors (g) prate;

CHARLES FOX allegiance dares to calculate,

And with his sulph'rous torch relumes the pile

With unaverted (h) face, and ghastly smile; 380

M 2

When

(e) Mr. W. Miles, Mr. John Gifford, and Mr. John Bowles. Writers of a very different character in private and public life. I believe I have been *misunderstood in this respect*. I never ranked them *in the same class*, though I have placed them in the same line. So did Pope; "Not with the Burnets, Oldmixons and Cooks." No man ever conceived that Bishop Burnet could be classed with Oldmixon. This was mere political prejudice in Pope.—*I have neither prejudice nor partiality*. Whatever I know of Mr. Miles, I dislike and often detest, but I do not always dislike his writing, and his information is not unfrequently accurate and important in the present state of public affairs. Mr. Gifford is sometimes *spirited* in his reply to Mr. Barrister Erskine, and just in his remarks; but as a writer I think him deficient; he seldom knows *when to have done*. But if he will attend, he may improve, even into excellence. I read his work and confess myself both obliged and grateful for it. The intentions of Mr. Bowles and his love of order and government have always had my commendation.—An anonymous writer indeed of political ability and of no common eloquence gave to the public, "Considerations on the state of public affairs at the beginning of the year 1796." Owen Piccadilly. It is much to be regretted that this author never continued his labours. But *my proposition* is this. The Public have never seen a full, perfect, sufficient, and energetic vindication of the Great Cause in which Great Britain and her Allies have engaged, delivered to the country under the known auspices of the Minister by a man of talents, eloquence, and knowledge. Surely it was a dignus Vindice nodus. I am of opinion, it was Mr. Pitt's duty; I am sure it was his interest and the interest of us all. At present we appeal to facts intelligible enough, whose eloquence cannot mislead. We cannot all hear the Minister's speeches in the H. of C. It will, I fear, be said to Mr. Pitt rather *significantly* at some time hence, "Had you done so, *Tuque tuus armis, nos te poteremur* ACHILLE." Ov. Metam. L. 13. v. 130.

(f) Mr. Barrister Erskine.—See more of him and his pamphlet on the French war in a future note.

(g) I refer to the House of Commons,

When Transatlantic Emigrants can roam
But to return, and praise *our* (*hh*) English home;

Now,

(*h*) In ancient times among the Romans, when *the public ministers* of funeral obsequies *set fire to the pile, they turned aside their faces.*

Triste ministerium, subjectam more parentum

Aversis tenuere faciem.

(Virg. *Æn.* 6.)

Not so the Right Honourable CHARLES JAMES FOX!

As Mr. Fox *loves Greek*, I will give my opinion of Mr. Fox's *tongue* and eloquence in Greek. I shall then say of it—
 ΗΓλωσσα πυρ, ή φλογιζουσα τον τροχον της γενεσεως, και φλογιζομενη υπο της Γεεννης, ακατάσχετον καλον, μεστη εν θανατηφορα. If Mr. F. would attend to *this Greek Author*, he might learn the *καλη αναστοφη*, and the *πρωτης σοφιας*. Even Mr. Fox may possibly read *what I say*.—As Mr. Fox is *now* (June 1797) *studying* Mr. Gibbon's History, he will find many an instructive lesson for his public conduct. Mr. Fox, *I know* cannot always *construe* Mr. G's *English*, and is in the habit of consulting his friends on the *meaning* of many passages and sentences; but without much success. That pleasant companionable Gentleman Mr. DUDLEY NORTH M. P. for Banbury will confirm what I say.† I always feel an interest in Mr. Fox's studies, whether he is reading Gibbon, or *culling simples* on St. Ann's Hill with Aspasia, or poring on the *Odyssey*, in lamentation over his *departed* friends in the H. of C. in the old Bard's language,

Αρνυμενος εν τε ψυχην και Νοστον Εταιρων, 35

Αλλ' οδ' ως Εταρος εβρουσατο, λεμενος περ. *Od.* I. 1.

But his Εταιροι or Friends are said to have left him *only on one* account;

† Perhaps Mr. Fox may understand and *construe* the following sentence from the *luminous* Historian. "An aspiring candidate may be tempted to *build his greatness on the public confusion*, but it is the interest as well as the *duty of THE SOVEREIGN to maintain the authority of the laws.*" Gibbon, Vol. 7, p. 80, Ed. 8vo.

Now, when the French *defend* us (i) in disgrace,
 French swords, French fraud, French priests, and
 French grimace;
 When England changes arms—at such a view 385
 Must I find *method*, verse, and patience too?
 My verse, the thunder of a Patriot's voice,
 Cries loud to ALL who ENGLAND make their choice,
 “Throw wide that portal; let no *Roman* wait, 389
 “But march with Priestley through the *dextral* gate.” (k)

OCTA-

account; his good humour and ability having never forsaken him. The account is this, deep, short, and full:

“Επεὶ Τροινσίερον πολιεθρον ἐπερσε.”

Od. l. i. v. 2.

(hh) See Mr. Cooper of Manchester's Account on his return from America, and the Letters of some wandering Journeyman Weaver or Carpenter, I forget which, &c. &c. “*Impudens liqui patrios Penates, &c.*”

(i) I allude to the French Emigrant Regiments, enrolled in the *British* army. Surely this is a measure of government unwise, unaccountable on any sound principle, a project of desperation, as one would think. Is this a time for *Englishmen* to say,

Mutemus clypeos, Danaûmque insignia nobis

Aptemus.

(Virg. *Æn.* 2.)

(k) “Through the *dextral* gate!”—My allusion is this: In ancient times, the most frequented roads to the city of Rome had double gates. They who came into the city passed through the left-hand gate; and they who went out of the city took the right-hand gate. See Nardini *Roma Antica*, L. 10. c. 9. When Pliny, in his *Natural History*, in the Chapter *de Roma*, Lib. 3. c. 5, is speaking of the gates of the city, he says, that twelve of the

OCTAVIUS.

Talk thus, e'en Horsley shall applaud: proceed

AUTHOR.

The tears that Britain sheds, her wounds that bleed,
Call for a fost'ring hand, the balm of PEACE,
Not styptics, which the sanguine tide increase,

Such

the thirty seven gates should only be numbered once (*semel numerari*); the expression is odd, but it alludes to such of those gates as were double in this sense. This was not unknown in other Italian cities. The *Porta de' Borsari* at Verona (in the opinion of the Marquese Scipio Maffei, *Verona Illustrata*, Part 3) was in reality a twin or double gate, though it has been mistaken by some antiquaries for an arch of triumph — N. B. In times like the present, I would never shut those double gates in any city, when the turbulent, discontented, and factious wish to retire into foreign parts. We all remember, that Sir Arthur Hazelrig, John Hampden, and Oliver Cromwell, being ready to sail for America, were STOPPED by order of Council! Hume's words are very strong and remarkable in this lecturing age. "They (i. e. Hampden, Hazelrig, and Cromwell) had resolved for ever to abandon their native country, and fly to the other extremity of the globe, where they might enjoy lectures and discourses of any length or form that pleased them." Mr. Hume adds, very significantly, "The King had afterwards full leisure to repent this exercise of his authority." Hume's Hist. Vol. 6. p. 311, Ed. 8vo. 1773.

Such as State-quacks, or Barristers expose 395

For fame and sale, and sleeping might disclose :

In state affairs all Barristers are dull,

And ERSKINE nods, the opium (1) in his skull.

Saw't

(1) Erskine.—Mr. Barrister Erskine is famous for taking opium in great quantities, (I have often heard him speak in praise of it) and if he proceeds in this manner, it is apprehended that *his faculties will die* of too large a dose, of which there are many symptoms already. Mr. Barrister Erskine has informed the public, that *he has not the talents of a statesman*, which, in common with the kingdom at large, I readily admit as part of my political creed; though it is so very plain, as hardly to be an article of faith. In his late *stimsy and puerile* "View of the Causes and Consequences of the present French War," he comes forth to the public *μολα σοφιστικως και σοδαως*, to use an expression from Themistius, but I cannot stile him in the words of that orator, before the Emperor Constantius, as *Αυφω μοιρας φουει μετεχον, Ζωνν υρανιον, εκειθεν δοθεν τοις τηδε εις επιμελειαν*. (Themist. Orat. p. 3. Ed. fol. Harduini, 1684.) I positively will not translate this Greek, either for the Barrister himself, or the country members, or the worthy electors of the town of Portsmouth; but I shall leave it to be rendered faithfully by the Reverend Dr. Parr, or Mr. Barrister Erskine's language master. Indeed in this age we require nothing but, what we call, eloquence; though the term is miserably abused. But *such as it is*, eloquence in the political world is like charity in the Christian character, without it a man is counted dead. However, in ancient times, in one particular there was a great and essential difference from the present. Perhaps it may not be without use to hint or remind *some folks*, that in Greece and Athens,

Saw'st thou, (or did my troubled fancy dream?)
 High o'er yon cliff, in majesty supreme, 400
 Vengeance

Athens, "apud Greciam, in the opinion and triumphant language of Cicero, De Orat. L. 1. quæ semper ELOQUENTIE PRINCEPS ESSE VOLUIT, atque illas omnium doctrinarum inventrices Athenas, in quibus SUMMA DICENDI VIS et inventa est et PERFECTA;" in Greece and Athens, I say, Orators and Barristers were never permitted to make any *epilogus* or *peroration* whatsoever in the courts of the law, or in the senate. "Epi-logos ILLI mos civitatis abstulerat," says Quintilian; (L. 10. c. 1.) and from WHOM? From DEMOSTHENES. On which passage the learned Turnebus observes, "*Non licebat ATHENIS affectum movere ac ne Epilogo quidem uti;*" and yet DEMOSTHENES appeared under this restriction. What think you, Mr. Barrister ERSKINE? Have you ever read his pleadings for the Crown, or against Midias, or Περὶ Παραπρεσβείας? How say you, Mr. Barrister? — MR. ERSKINE is always below his natural size, when he speaks in the House of Commons. I have too often disliked the manner and the matter. But as he confesses himself no Statesman, he should have spoken with more modesty and deference on political subjects to those who are confessedly statesmen in the esteem of the country. I will leave in Mr. Erskine's ear the words which Demosthenes thundered against Androtion. It cannot however be supposed for a moment that I can mean to compare a Gentleman of distinction like Mr. Erskine, with such a being as Androtion. I only give the words, and Dr. Parr may translate them if he pleases.

"Εἰ ἀνδραποδῶν ἡ Πόλις, ἀλλὰ μὴ τῶν ἀρχεῖν ἑτέρων ἀξίωντων, ἀμολογεῖτο εἶναι, οὐκ ἂν αἱ Ἄνδρες Ἀθηναῖοι, τὰς ὕβρεις πνεύσεθε τὰς Τῆτι, αἷς κατὰ τὴν ἀγορὰν ὕβριζεν, ἔσαν ἐν ταῖς ἐκκλησίαις, ἐπὶ τοῖς βήμασι, δούλῳ καὶ ἐκ δούλων καλῶν ἑαυτὴν ἑλπίσιν καὶ ἐκ ἑλπίστων." (Demosth. Orat. Κατὰ Ἀνδροτίωνος. Gr. Edit. Benen, 1570. pag. 398.) In

Vengeance his attribute, (and, as he trod,
 The conscious waves roll'd back!) the passing God,
 That shook old Ocean's empire? from beneath
 Strange threat'ning notes in hollow murmurs breathe
 Hoarse through the deafen'd shrouds! But hush'd
 the blast, 405

THE TRIDENT IS CONFIRM'D: the dream is past. (m)

Oh, strong against ourselves, and rashly bold!
 No voice, as in the Hebrew fane of old,
 From Britain's center to her utmost bounds,
 From parting (n) angels in sad accent sounds: 410

N

Paine

In conclusion, I recommend to all persons who have an itch for writing or speaking, in public or in private, from Mr. Barrister Erskine down to Mr. Dent and his dogs, to study with care the following passage from Lord Shaftesbury, in his "Advice to an Author." The words are these: "Where the harm would be of spending some discourse, and bestowing a little breath and clear voice purely upon ourselves, I cannot see. We might peradventure be less noisy and more profitable in company, if at convenient times we discharged some of our articulate sound, and spoke to ourselves viva voce, when alone." Advice to an Author, Sect. 1. This anticipating remedy of Soliloquy the noble adviser prescribes against the disease called "THE LEPROSY OF ELOQUENCE," which is now a British Epidemic. Mr. Barrister Erskine, as I have been informed, has been under a regimen for a long time to no effect, and a Committee of Physicians and Surgeons (appointed by the House) who have examined Mr. Erskine's case, and the state of his blood, have reported it as their opinion, that this "Leprosy of Eloquence," with which he is infected, is like the Leprosy of Naaman, the Syrian, that it will cleave to him for ever, except he rigidly adheres to Lord Shaftesbury's anticipating remedy of Soliloquy, and abstains from speaking in all places but in the Court of King's Bench.—*Ille se jactet in aula ÆOLUS!*

PART IV.

Paine may blaspheme, and Tooke and Thelwall
mourn,

Our Ark's as yet by hallow'd hands upborne!

I too

(m) These lines were written and inserted here at the latter end of the month of May, 1797.

Proh dolor! Imperium Pelagi sævique Tridentis
Cui nunc sorte datum!

A patriotic poet may be, I hope, in this instance prophetic:
"The Dream is past."

(n) I trust that Great Britain is yet firm, and that the guardians of her laws and constitution will stand bold, undaunted, and with deliberate valour. My allusion in the verse is this. After the profanation of THE TEMPLE at Jerusalem, under the Roman Emperor Titus, we read (it is recorded by their own Historian) that the voices of guardian angels were heard at the dead of night, crying out through it's inmost recesses, Μεταβαινωμεν Εντευθεν, "Let us depart hence!" See the Seventh Book of the Jewish War, by Josephus, pag. 1282. Edit. Hudsoni Oxon. I recommend the perusal of the whole of that wonderful section (Cap. 5. L. 7.) The Historian, in some parts of it, is scarcely inferior in spirit, language, and sublimity, to Æschylus himself. Surely at this most awful hour when, I am almost tempted to say, the moral and the natural world seem to be breaking up together, when the most powerful European states and populous cities have been convulsed or overthrown, can we hear, without secret emotion and without a kindred horror, what the Historian calls the "Ρωμῶν ταγμάτων εὐλαλῆγμος συμφερομενων, the των Στασιαστων πυρι και σιδηρω κεκυκλωμενων κραυγη? Can we read unmoved, Ουτε ἡλικίας ην ελεος, ητ' εντροπη σεμνοτήτος! Λιμῳ μαραινομενοι και μεινυκοτες, εις οδυρμῳ και κραυγῃ εντονησαν. Συνηχει ἡτε Πειραια και τα περιξ ορη, βαρυτεραν ποιοντα την ορμην. Τη θορυβῳ τα Παθῃ φοβερωτερα! κτλ."—I will make no apology for presenting the learned reader with this passage, as Longinus would

I too will call, loud through the gathering storm,
Godwin (*o*) and Volney, (*h*) ruin and reform;

N 2

The

would say, "Οὕτω μεγάλοι οἱ λόγοι, καὶ ἐμβριθεῖς αἱ ἐννοιαί, ὅλον σώματιον δραματικὸν καὶ ἐναγωνιον." (Sect. 9. de Sublim.) I expect his thanks and not his censure, if he is worthy to read it.

(*o*) GODWIN.—"Ecce iterum Crispinus!" and I wish I need not proceed with the line, "Et est mihi sæpe vocandus" in partes, Monstrum nulla virtute redemptum."—In my note (*h*) of Part III. of the P. of L. v. 177, I thought I had taken leave of WILLIAM GODWIN; but he has again obtruded himself upon the public, and I, as one of the public, shall give a few remarks on his late book, called "The Enquirer; or Reflections on Education, Manners, and Literature, in a series of *Essays*." Of his Enquiry concerning *Political Justice*, the author differs in opinion from me. He declares, in his Preface to his *Enquirer*, that "An Enquiry *thus* pursued on Political Justice, (i. e. as he, William Godwin, has pursued it) is undoubtedly "IN THE HIGHEST STYLE OF MAN!!!" But as I have given my opinion, I shall say nothing here.—I shall take *but a few chapters* of his new book, for really I should fatigue myself and my reader past all sufferance, if I were to go through with it. The spirit and the manner is the same in *all* these *Essays*. "The present volume," (i. e. the *Enquirer*) he informs us, (Preface, p. 8) "is presented to the *contemplative* reader, not as "*dicta*, but as the materials of thinking, and that they are committed to his mercy." He adds, "that with as ardent a passion for *innovation* as ever, he, (i. e. William Godwin) feels "himself *more patient and tranquil*." This is pleasant to him-

self

The Sophists unabash'd yet rear their head, 415
 Their colours gaudy, though but idly (*q*) spread.
 Better

self certainly, but whether his opinions and their consequences will promote *patience* and tranquillity in *other* men, is all that we are concerned to know and to expose. He professes to write a moral work. It is miscellaneous and unconnected, whatever he may think. I would premise there is a difference in considering a moral and a mere metaphysical Enquiry. In the latter it is just and necessary to take in all the parts of a system to know it's efficacy and apparent truth; but in a *moral* work there is not the same necessity, and for this plain reason. Mankind are *guided in their actions*, not by system, but by single impulses; by detached maxims, by aphorisms, by sentences, which have frequently the force of whole volumes. Whatever impels to action *singly and by itself*, may be considered also *apart*, and held forth either to approbation or to censure. For this important reason I shall offer some passages from "The Enquirer, by William Godwin." The book perhaps has been read very little; but it is published and it may be read, and I am sure it ought to be criticized, not from it's excellence or the ability of the writer, but from the subject matter. His first Chapter or Essay is, "*Of awakening the mind.*" He begins with *so very wise* a sentence, that we are naturally prepared for *much instruction*. I have indeed been told, that Mr. Godwin's mother, like little Isaac's in Sheridan's Duenna, used to call him "*Little Solomon.*" What is this sentence? verbatim as follows: "*If individuals*" "*were universally happy, the species would be happy!*" Again: "*When a child is born, one of the earliest purposes of his institutor ought to be, to awaken his mind, to breathe a soul into the,*"
 "as

Better be dull than wicked ; from the heart
The life-springs issue, and their force impart ;

Better

" as yet unformed, *mass* !" Whether the *mass* is the *mind*, or the *mind* the *mass*, and at what time *the soul* is to be *breathed into the mind*, is not quite clear ; but it is *very instructive*. Mr. Godwin also thinks, that " it is *not* the absurdest of paradoxes to affirm, that *the true* object of juvenile education is *to teach no one thing in particular*, but (the reader will be rather surprised) to *provide*, against the age of *five-and twenty*, a mind " well regulated, active, and *prepared to learn*." It is to be remembered, that the *general* education of mankind is considered. If the reader's mind is not *awakened* by such an alarm of nonsense, I think he must be deeply intranced, as fast as a modern watchman or Mr. Godwin himself, when he wrote the chapter. Next comes Essay 2. " On the utility of talents." From this we learn, in Mr. Godwin's *own* words, that " The " only complete protection against the appellation of *fool*, is to " be the possessor of *uncommon* capacity ;" and that " a *self-satisfied, half-witted fellow* is the *most ridiculous* of all things." This is also *very instructive*, and lets us into the secret of Mr. Godwin's wits and his self-satisfaction. But I cannot think Mr. G's instructions will " produce in his pupil or child (if he has either) " *one of the long-looked-for saviours of the human race*," It might perhaps produce another Anacharsis Cloots, the *Orator* of the human race. Then come " The Sources of Genius" in Essay 3. The sentiments are either so trite, or so absurd, or so wicked, that it is difficult to choose. One of them I must select.—Of the children of *peasants*, Mr. G. observes, " That " at the age of fourteen the very traces of understanding are " obliterated. They are enlisted at the *crimping house of oppression*."

Better to write like Coulthurst; (*qq*) better preach
 With Hodson's (*r*) voice, and sacred flow'rs of speech,

In

“ *sion*. They are *brutified* by immoderate and unremitting la-
 “ *bour*. Their hearts are *hardened*, and their spirits *broken* by
 “ *all that they see, all that they feel, and all that they look forward*
 “ *to*. THIS IS ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING POINTS OF
 “ *view* in which we consider *the present order of Society* !!! It
 “ *is the great slaughter house* of genius, and of mind. It is *the*
 “ *unrelenting murderer* of hope and gaiety, of the love of reflec-
 “ *tion, and of the love of life*.” (p. 16.) This it is, I suppose,
 as this atrocious but foolish writer would call it, *to promote pa-*
tience and tranquillity among mankind ! Mr. G. has not yet done.
 Essay the 4th is on the same Sources. Here he proves too
 much for himself. He says, “ There is an insanity among
 “ Philosophers, that has brought Philosophy itself into discre-
 “ dit.” (p. 19.) At the close of the eighteenth century, Mr. G.
 speaking of the succession of events, and the manner in which
 we acquire ideas, delivers this sentence seriously and philosophi-
 cally, with a view to be *instructive*, as I suppose. “ If any man
 “ was to tell me that *if I pull the trigger* of my gun, a *swift and*
 “ *beautiful horse* will immediately appear *starting* from the mouth
 “ of the tube; I can ONLY answer, *that I do not expect it*, and
 “ that it is contrary to the tenor of my former experience.
 “ But *I can assign no reason (!!!)* why this is an event *intrinsic-*
 “ *cally more absurd, or less likely to happen than the event* I have
 “ been accustomed to witness. It may be *familiarly illustrated*
 “ to the *unlearned reader*, by remarking, that *the process of gene-*
 “ *ration*, in consequence of which men and horses are born,
 “ has *obviously no more perceivable correspondence* with that event,
 “ *than*

In soft *probation* for a Foundling's gown, 421
 To please some guardian Midas of the town,
 Who

"*than it would have for me to pull the trigger of a gun!!!*" I pass by the indecency of the illustration, that I may just hint, what it is to be a philosopher, and *instruct the unlearned in the new way*. I am ashamed to analyse any other opinions in this Essay; but as Mr. G. is supposed by some to be "A man of talents," I suppose also that Mr. G. has the properties of "A man of talents," as he *himself* has declared them to be; and that "He (himself) can *recollect up to what period* he was *jejune*, "and *up to what period* he was *dull*. He can call to mind the "innumerable errors of speculation he has committed, *that would almost disgrace an idiot*." (p. 28.) For my own part, in the present instance, I have nothing to do with *recollection*. Mr. Godwin and his book are *before me*. So much for "A man of talents." I cannot oppress the reader with all his desolating, unfounded, and silly opinions on all trades, professions, and occupations, wholly subversive of the order of society, and, as I believe, of any supposeable order of any regulated human society. But if the reader wishes to be amused with the acmé or height of absurdity and wildness, I earnestly recommend to him to read Mr. G.'s account of "The Walk of a man of talents, (Mr. Godwin himself, for instance) and of a man without talents, (such as myself) from Temple Bar to Hyde-Park Corner." (p. 31 and 32.) It is really *refreshing* in the extreme. Nothing can be superior to it, but his "Gun of generation" just described, and his "self-tilling plough, without the intervention of man," in his other book on Political Justice, Vol. 2. p. 494. Ed. 8vo,—I will give Mr. Godwin's *own* account

Who gives his vote from *judgment* and from *taste*;
 Better with Warner move with *measur'd* haste

To

count of this *famous* Walk, especially as the public are in the habit of observing all kinds of men and women too *between Temple Bar and Hyde Park Corner*. "The chief point of difference" (says Mr. G.) *between the man of talents and the man without*, consists in the *different ways* in which their minds are employed "during the same interval!!!" (This is the proposition, ludicrous and absurd enough of itself, but now let us hear the *proof* or illustration.) "They, (i. e. the man of talents and the man without) are obliged, let us suppose, to walk from Temple Bar to Hyde Park Corner. THE DULL MAN goes *strait forward*: he has so many furlongs to traverse. He observes if he meets any of his acquaintance; he enquires respecting their health and their family. He glances perhaps at the shops as he passes; he admires the fashion of a buckle, and the metal of a tea urn. If he experience any *flights of fancy* (i. e. between Temple Bar and Hyde Park Corner) they are of a *short* extent; of the same nature as the *flights of a forest bird* clipped of his wings, and condemned to pass the rest of his life in a *farm-yard*. On the other hand, THE MAN OF TALENTS gives full scope to his imagination. *He laughs and cries*. Unindebted to the suggestions of the surrounding objects *his whole soul* is employed!" (We are now to prepare for the employment of the whole soul of a man of talents from Temple Bar to Hyde Park Corner, and the reader will observe that he has enough to do. La voici.) "HE, (the man of talent) enters into *nice calculations*; he digests *sagacious reasonings*." (All this is done between Temple Bar and Hyde Park Corner.) "In imagination he declares

To lend *new pleasure* (s) to a pedant's ear,

O

Appeal

"declains or describes, impressed with the deepest sympathy, or elevated to the loftiest rapture. He passes through a thousand imaginary scenes, tries his courage, tasks his ingenuity, and thus becomes gradually prepared to meet almost any of the many-colored events of human life. He consults by the aid of memory the books he has read, (N.B. a man of talents never reads in the streets), and he projects others for the future instruction and delight of mankind." (I always said Mr. G. himself projected his book on Justice and this on Education in the streets; "Sic triviis, inducte solebas.") If he observe the passengers, (the dull man only observes his acquaintance) he reads their countenances, conjectures their past history, and forms a superficial notion of their wisdom and folly, their virtue or vice, satisfaction or misery. If he observe the scenes that occur, it is with the eye of a connoisseur or an artist." (The dull man above minds only buckles and tea urns.) "Every object is capable of suggesting to him a Volume of Reflections." Mr. G. must mean his own volume now before me, called *Reflections on manners, education and literature.* "The time of these two persons, in one respect resembles; it has brought them both to Hyde Park Corner. In almost every other respect it is dissimilar." Here is the denouement or the Euphœa of Philosopher GODWIN, and I have no doubt he thinks it a discovery in Terra jam cognita, as he will allow the ground to be between Temple Bar and Hyde Park Corner. I cannot say the *Parallel* is quite in the manner of Plutarch, but it is very instructive. No man can ever be again at a loss to know a man of talents from a man without, in the streets. I had often been puzzled, till I met this instructive volume of *Reflections*.—When the reader has considered this, and all the other parts I have produced, and thousands I have omitted, he will remember that Mr. GODWIN has set himself

Appeal to Bryant, nor his judgment fear ;

Better

44 for a Legislator, a Reformer, a Philosopher, a destroyer of ancient prejudices, and a builder of new systems, a guide through the darkness of this world by the new light, and he expects the obeisance of mankind. I am sure, I cannot even conceive that any man or woman will worship BEFORE SUCH AN IMAGE of Democracy and Tyranny, whoever may sound *the cornet, sackbut or dulcimer* at the dedication. It is not an Image of gold: it is an image of *iron mixed with miry clay*. For my own part I will not move from my place at the *sackbut* of Godwin, or the united band of musicians of a French Nebuchadnezzar. This it is to instruct the world, to reform it, to make it happy. Mr. G. comes in such a questionable shape, that I know not when to finish my questions. I might go on chapter by chapter in this manner. Let any man look at his opinions, and the nature of his knowledge and his pretensions. I must copy two thirds (at the least) if I wished to express and to expose all that is reprehensible in this volume, or wicked, or ridiculous, or trite beyond belief. I would hold up Mr. G.'s own propositions, in his own words, to all persons who have understanding, and let them judge. Let them fairly decide whether his impiety be not *even less* than his folly, and the weakness of his understanding more visible than the plunging violence of his exertions. "*Dat operam ut cum ratione insaniat.*" Mr. Godwin is at best but a mongrel and an exotic. He is grafted upon the stock of Condorcet and the French rabble; but he has not even the *raciness* of that teeming soil. English minds will not long bear the grossness of such an imposition. We are better and earlier taught than he wishes we should be. Reason indeed disclaims Mr. Godwin; in eloquence, and good writing, (in spite of all his dogmatism) he knows nothing; and of the Belles Lettres nearly as much as can be attained, or rather *picked up*, in a modern

Better to state-arithmetic be bred, 420

Tell Jacobins and Tories by the (t) head ;

Prove

modern academy in some London Square, or at Islington. But for Mr. Godwin we are to lay down Plato and Xenophon; for him we are to relinquish Aristotle and Tully; to him Locke is to give way, and the simplicity and tempered humour of Mr. Addison is to be lost in Mr. Godwin's *effusions*.—I really am fatigued with this man. Nothing but the importance of the consequences and effects of his wild, weak, wicked and absurd notions (I cannot dignify them with the name of *principles* or *αξιώματα*) could have prevailed upon me to have wasted irretrievably so much of my time upon them. From the period when *Philosopher* HUME first garbled his neglected "Treatise on Human Nature," and published it in the form of Essays, and set up, as it were, a kind of *shop shop* of morality in the suburbs of Atheism, we have had nothing but Essays upon Essays, till—we all know the consequence. And last of all comes *Philosopher* GODWIN, and sets up his *trumpety shop* too in the same quarter; though he is willing to wait upon ladies and gentlemen at their own houses, with his "Gros paquet de toile verte et rouge," upon the principles and practice of the celebrated *Fripier* in *Gil Blas*, and pretty much with the same kind of justice. He presents you with his second-hand suits, with his "*habits de drah tout uni*," and his "*habits de velours un peu passés*," demands his *soixante ducats*, and then addresses you with the same cool effrontery; "*Vous êtes bien heureux qu'on se soit adressé à moi plutôt qu'à un autre. Graces au ciel, j'exerce rondement ma profession: JE SUIS LE SEUL FRIPIER qui ait DE LA MORALE.*"† So much for *Philosopher* GODWIN, or *LE PHILOSOPHE FRIPIER, malgré sa morale!*—To the learned world in particular (if they have ever *drudged* through the works of Mr. Godwin as I have done) I will address a few words from the second book of the

Pyrr-

† *Green* is the symbol of the *Irish*, and *Red* of French democratic factions.

‡ *Gil Blas*, Liv. 1. ch. 15.

Prove that no dogs, as through the streets they range,

Give

Pyrrhonic Institutions of Sextus Empiricus, as applicable to *William Godwin*, after all the observations I have made on his writings. “ Εξομεν δι’ ἑ ΤΟΝ ΑΝΘΡΩΠΟΝ ΤΟΥΤΟΝ διακριναι τα απο των αλλων Ζωνων, και ΕΙΛΙΚΡΙΝΟΣ ΝΟΗΣΑΙ Δυνησομεθα.” *Sext. Empyric. Instit. Pyrrhon. L. 2. C. 5.*

(p) Volney.—See Part I. (v. 120, note 2) of the P. of L. for an account of Mr. Volney’s book, entitled, “Ruins, or a Meditation of the Revolution of Empires.”

(q) “Mocking the air with colours idly spread.”

Shakspeare’s King John.

(99) Coulthurst.—The learned and Rev. Dr. Coulthurst lately published a Sermon, Oct. 25, 1796, written with the best and most serious intention, but in a style and manner so very unadvised, as to furnish matter of ridicule to some minute wits, who actually put it into doggrel verse. All Doctors (and Bishops too) should remember it is one thing to preach and another to print and publish their sermons. It is also high time for BISHOP HORSLEY (qui au travers de toute sa pieté n’est pas Auteur impunément, et qui a la satisfaction d’arracher les Voluptueuses aux plaisirs †, et d’affermir dans leur devoir des Epouses ébranlées par des amans séducteurs; though I cannot say, “qu’on trouve ses homélies et ses ouvrages également forts et délicats”) it is high time, I say, for my Lord Bishop Horsley to remember that it was said of the Archbishop of Grenada, “Voilà un Sermon qui sent furieusement l’Apoplexie.” (*Gil Blas*, Liv. 7. C. 4.) I do not think that the Archevêque de Grenade (I beg pardon) plain Bishop Horsley (for he never will be an Archbishop) will appoint me to be his Secretary, or in the inimitable words of Le Sage, G. B. J. 7. c. 2. be desirous “avoir près de lui un homme (com-
me

† See his *Magdalen Homily*, and his speeches in the H. of L. in cases of Adultery.

Give bone for bone in regular (u) exchange;

Or

"*me moi*) qui ait de la literature, et une *bonne main pour mettre au net ses homélies.*"—I may add, that if I should take a walk through his *literary* grounds, I fear I should be found *damage-feasant*; and if I were to enter the *premises* at Rochester or Westminster, and be prosecuted for it, I should certainly direct my counsel to plead a special "*Nil habuit in tenementis.*" (See Lord Raymond's Rep. 1550.) For though his Lordship, as Plaintiff, is but an *Assignee*, he may take advantage of the *estoppel*, for it runs with the land. See Co. Litt. 152. and Salk. 276.

(1) Hodson.—Put synonymously for any *popular* preacher at the Asylum or elsewhere. It is really humiliating and degrading to the Clergy to preach *probationary* sermons, on any vacancy of a chaplainship at any of the charitable foundations, before such a set of judges. One is for voice and action, another for what he calls learning, others for the tender passions, some for appeals to reason, and others again love *logic* and close argument. No Divine can satisfy such judges, but such a Doctor as is described by John of Salisbury, "*Doctor sanctissimus ille Gregorius, qui melleo prædicationis imbre totam rigavit et inebriavit Ecclesiam!*"—It is high time to put these affairs on a more respectable footing for the Clergy. I think indeed, that the business, elections, &c. belonging to all hospitals, and all charities, should be transacted by a *Committee*, of the Subscribers, elected annually. The propriety of such a measure being generally adopted in London, and near the metropolis, is evident; and I wish this hint might be attended to by men of sense.

(2) See a Treatise lately published, entitled "*METPON APISTON, or a New Pleasure, recommended in a Dissertation on Greek and Latin Prosody. (1797.)*" It is without any permission, and I think with considerable effrontery, dedicated

Or frame, with Marsh, strange theorems to try

Some

to Mr. Bryant in a style perfectly new. If almost every page of this treatise were not sillier, wilder, and more extravagant than the preceding, I might be tempted to take some notice of it's multifarious contents. For they are very numerous indeed; from the laws passed in King Priam's reign (*I beg Mr. Bryant's pardon*) under his marine Minister when Troy was attacked and invaded by the Grecians, down to the present French war and the incomprehensible Cavalry Act under George the Third of Great Britain. As it does not appear to me possible for this Author (I use his own words in his own treatise) to "put off the monkey and bring out the man," I shall say nothing further of this farrago of learned nonsense.

(1) Mr. Burke gave it as his opinion in his "Two Letters on the Proposals for Peace," (1796) that there are "400,000 political citizens in Great Britain, of whom 80,000 are pure Jacobins, the other four-fifths perfectly sound," &c. In this particular instance I shall only say of this great and venerable man, what one of Dante's Commentators says on a passage in the *Purgatorio*: "Per verità, è un gran capriccio, ma in ciò segue il suo stile." Dante, Shakspeare, Milton, and Burke, all abound in similar capriccios; but I will add Dr. Johnson's admirable words: "He that can put them in balance with their beauties must be considered not as nice but dull, as less to be censured for want of candour, than pitied for want of sensibility." *Life of Milton.*

(2) Here is another little *capriccio* of a man of no common sagacity, the late Adam Smith on Finances. He says seriously by way of illustration; "No body ever saw a dog make a fair and deliberate exchange of one bone for another with another dog."

Some manuscript's divine identity ; (*w*)

Better

"dog." Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, Vol. 1. p. 20. Ed. 8vo. My dear *Adam*, this philosophy of yours is nearly of the same date as your ancestor's* in Eden, and I can only say in reply, "Who ever expected to see a dog do so?"—We have all heard and read of that snarling sect, the *Cynic* Philosophy, and if we could convert dogs into philosophers, or what is harder still, philosophical propositions into meat and bones, (which I fear is more than most *Scotch* Professors can do) I should apply metaphorically the following lines from a celebrated Poet, a great observer of human nature :

"So when two dogs are fighting † in the streets,
With a third dog one of the two dogs meets ;
With angry tooth he bites him to the bone,
And this dog smarts for what that dog has done."

(*w*) A learned and ingenious Critic, the Rev. Wm. Marsh, (Translator of Michaelis's Introduction to the New Testament, to which he has added many valuable notes and illustrations) published in the year 1795 "Letters to Archdeacon Travis, on the subject of a Greek Manuscript in the Public Library at Cambridge, printed at Leipzig, but sold in London by R. Marsh, Fleet-street." The following theorem is so new, and so unparallelled, that I cannot help preserving it in this poem as a literary

• In the most extensively learned book I ever saw, (for the size of it) and the best arranged, I mean the "*Philosophia Generalis, &c. per Theophilum Gale*," there is actually a Chapter "*De Philosophia Adami*." L. 1. C. 1. f. 3.—"A Capriccio!"

† i. e. For a bone, or for any thing which is an object of fair and deliberate exchange.

Better be White, though dubious (w) of my fame,

Or

literary curiosity, and as most of my readers, I dare say, never saw or even thought such a theorem possible. I shall laugh hereafter at any man who tells me, that the chances *for* or *against* any thing are 100,000 to 1.

"General Theorem, by which the identity of Manuscripts is determined, from a coincidence in their Readings." (Letters, p. 70.)

"If after a collation of Greek MSS. to the amount of any number which I will call p , the reading, A, B, C, D, &c. to the amount of m have all been found in any of these MSS. which I will call X^* but not one of them in any other Manuscript: moreover if other readings A, B, Γ , Δ , &c. to the amount of n have likewise been all found in the MS. X , but each of them in only one other Manuscript; further if a third set of readings to the amount of r is contained in the MS. X , but each of them in only two other MSS.; a fourth set to the amount of s , each of which has been discovered in only three other Manuscripts, and so on: in that case, if all these readings should afterwards be found in any one Manuscript, the probability that the Manuscript, in which they are thus found, is the very identical Manuscript from which they had been taken, is to the chance of its being a different MS. as,

$$Pm+n+r+s+ \&c.$$

— 1 to 1."

1^m. 2ⁿ. 3^r. 4^s. &c. &c. &c. &c.

I shall say nothing, but leave the mathematical and divine calculating reader *bon la bocca dolce*.

* In Mr. Marsh's problem, a Hebrew character (Aleph) is used, instead of the Greek X which I have used, as the printer had not the Hebrew characters at hand.

Or wisely sink my own in (y) Homer's name ;
 Better to disappoint the public hope, 428
 Like *Warton* driveling (yy) on the page of POPE, (yyy)

P

While

(x) See the learned and very ingenious (but rather declamatory) Sermons by Professor White of Oxford at the Bampton Lecture. But in this, as in many other cases, it seems, "Garth did not write *his own* Dispensary."—I always thought the charge ridiculous; yet learned men would write *about it and about it*. Any thing will serve for a controversy. Enquire of Messrs. Ireland, Malone, and Chalmers, at the *Shakspeare Manuscript* factory in Norfolk-street, in the Strand.

(y) The Rev. Dr. Parr will best explain this verse. See his sublime Apostrophe, "*Spirit of Henry Homer! &c. &c. &c.*" Letter to Dr. Coombe, by an Occasional Writer in the British Critic.

(yy) The Booksellers may say in Sir Philip Sidney's words: "What fools were we, to mingle such *driveling* speeches among (WARBURTON's) noble thoughts! (Sir P. S's Arcadia.)"

Pan etiam Arcadia dicat se iudice victum.

(yyy) See the new edition of Pope's Works by the Reverend Dr. JOSEPH WARTON, late Head-master of Winchester School. The mildest words I can use are, "*Tantum rem tam negligenter?*" I praised (and liberally enough as some people thought) Dr. Joseph Warton's Common Place Book on Pope, in the First Part of the P. of L. and I still think it entertaining. But when a learned

PART IV.

man

While o'er the ground that WARBURTON once trod,
The Winton Pedant shakes his little rod,

Content *his own* stale scraps to steal or glean,

Hash'd up and season'd with an old man's spleen, 440
Nor e'en the Bard's deformity can 'scape,

" His pictur'd person and his *libell'd* (z) shape ;"

Ah,

man appears as the professed Editor of the most distinguished and the most interesting poet of the nation, and when the public have been taught to expect the work as of great promise, we require something more than mere copying his own old common place remarks from one book, to put them in form of notes at the bottom of the pages of another. It is mere book-making, beneath the character of such a gentleman as Doctor Warton. It is to steal from one's own self. But the town is patient : " Marcus dixit, ita est." But I will not say so. When the ILLUSTRIOUS friend of Pope, WILLIAM WARBURTON, (sublime in all his exorbitances, dignified in sagacity and erudition, and great even in his occasional rashness and idle wanderings) condescended to become an Editor, I should have preferred re-printing his edition as it stood. The ingenious Winchester School-master might with propriety enough have corrected the press and added some *little anecdotes* and excerpts from his classics. What was beneath Warburton might suit Dr. Joseph Warton. I am indeed ashamed of this edition upon the whole. But as there is no other new edition to be had of an elegant form, type and paper, (and this is very pretty) many persons will desire to have it, and I am sure I will not refuse it a place in my library. Perhaps, I have said more than is necessary; but there will be persons enough to praise the Doctor's

Ah, better to unlearn'd oblivion hurl'd,

P 2

Then

Doctor's gleanings *from himself*. But I shall say more, at the end of the next note.

(æ) Poets are often prophets. POPE little thought that, fifty years after his death, an ingenious Schoolmaster and formerly a writer of little Odes to Fancy, evening owls upon a tree, apostrophes to the twilight and such nonsense, would actually revive some "*imputed trash*," (perhaps) *not his own*, and actually give to the malignant curiosity of some folks, "His libelled person and his pictured shape." (Prol. to Pope's Satires, v. 353) It is strange that Mr. Gibbon and Mr. Pope should have the same fate. *The figure* of Mr. G has been presented to the world and to posterity by *his friend* Lord Sheffield (See Mr. G.'s Posthumous Miscellanies, 4to Vol. 1.) and Mr. Pope's contemptible appearance by the *kindness* of his editor—I have many and great objections to this edition; but I shall only state a few. An edition of Pope is a fair and a very proper subject of criticism. I think the title page contemptuous: "With notes and illustrations by J. WARTON, D.D. and *others*." To include WILLIAM WARBURTON under the title of *others*, required an assurance equal at least to the trifling *dilettante* spirit of such a commentator as Dr. Warton. In this instance, "*remulentus videtur*." I have no personal partiality for Warburton; he was long before my time: nor have I the honour (such I should indeed esteem it) of an acquaintance with Bishop Hurd, his venerable friend and compeer. But I was born to admire erudition and genius, and to vindicate them when they are insulted. Dr. W.'s life of Pope is not well written as to the matter or *the manner*. The style is defective and often vulgar. I shall instance a passage or two. The perpetual vulgarism of the term "*our author*."—"Dennis pursued *our author* in bitter invectives, against every work he *gradually* published." p. 18. "After arriving at eminence *by so many capital* compositions, *our author*," &c. &c.—p. 24. "Which,

as

Then give to Perry (zz) what I owe the world

And

as an uncommon curiosity, *one* would have been glad to have *be-held.*" p. 11. "Dr. Warburton's defence of the Essay on Man ultimately got him a wife and a bishopric." p. 45. "Into what a mass has he raised and expanded so slight a hint!" p. 21. Dr. W. is fond of "*delicious* lines, and *delicious* passages, &c. I cannot specify more of them in this note. He commends Voltaire too often and too much. He is also perpetually praising the German Professor Heyne, who has *insulted* our English universities and public schools in his writings. Yet *we* have republished *his* Virgil and all his ponderous dissertations. Professor Heyne was originally a mechanic: he was not born to taste, and he never acquired elegance. His learning is without discernment. More embodied dulness or a heavier mass of matter than *his* Virgil I never saw. The shrine of the Poet is indeed loaded with offerings, but it is illuminated with rays from *Gottengen.*—I must observe further. It was very bold and *very indecent* in the *Reverend* Dr. Warton, to publish Pope's Imitation of the Second Satire of the first Book of Horace. Pope never † printed it in his works himself; Dr. Warburton refused to admit it: no common edition whatsoever of Pope has admitted it. It is printed only in a vulgar appendix in two volumes. I have indeed no doubt it is by Pope. As to mere wit and point in the imitation, it is perhaps the best. But what then? Mr. Pope's works are distinguished at least for *correctness* in taste and *morals*; and are intended for

† Dr. W. says, vol. 1. Life p. 56. "Pope suffered his friend Dodsley to "print it as *his* writing in one edition 12mo." I never saw it, but can believe the Doctor. Pope was undoubtedly ashamed of it. But if Mr. Pope had actually described every nymph in the seraglio of the pious Needham, must the *Reverend* Dr. Warton publish such a poem *merely* because Mr. Pope had written it?—This sixth volume of Dr. Warton's Edition should be reprinted and this scandalous poem omitted. With the Commentators* on Shakspeare, Pope, &c. of modern days there is no such thing as an invocation to "*Intermissa VENUS*; for the Goddess has actually deserted her beloved Cyprus, "*In hac tota m-*
ent. (See Horace for the rest.)

"Te, Venus Regina, pio vocantur
"THURC WARTON ET STEPHANI decernit
Transfer in ædes."

* P. of L. Part I.

And idly busy, in my choice perplex, 445

Throw years of labour on a single text,

Alike

for the *most general and the most unqualified* perusal. Dr. W. might as well have printed Mr. E.'s *Geranium* in his comments, or any other light and vigorous sally of a *very* young man, forgiven as such and forgotten, as the following lines, if the reader will believe they are printed in POPE'S WORKS;

"Or when a tight neat girl will serve the turn,

"In errant pride continue * * * ? †

"I'm a plain man, whose maxim is profest,

"The thing at hand is of all things the best."

Vol. 6. p. 51.—see also p. 49. worse still.

If Mr. Pope had often written *thus*, his works must have been consigned to the library of a brothel. *This* edition of Pope's works will be sent into every part of the civilized world. This will be so; and can it be said, that I speak without reason? Surely I am not pleading for public decency in vain. The Doctor at least should have dedicated this sixth volume to the Ladies—*of the Commons*. To *what other ladies* could I present this volume? Yet so it is: "Doctors rush in, where laymen fear to tread." But because Pope called this "*sober advice* from Horace," the Doctor thought there could be no harm in it. Dr. W. observes, "that the *first step* in the literary, as well as in the political world is of the *utmost consequence*, &c." Pope's Life, p. 14 I would remind the Doctor of the last *step* in both these worlds, which he seems to have forgotten.

I shall

† I, though an anonymous layman, refuse to print the passage *in full*, which the Reverend Doctor Warton has printed and sanctioned *with his name* as Editor of Pope's works

Nobis non licet esse tam disertis

Qui musas colimus severiores.

§ I was surprised to read these words in vol. 4. p. 333. on the compliment Virgil paid to Cato. "A much *honester* passage (says Dr. Warton) is that in which Virgil had the courage to represent his hero assisting the Etruscans "in *punishing* their tyrannical king, in the 8th book of the *Æneid* v. 494."

Ergo omnis furis surrexit ETRURIA iustis,

REGEM AD SUPPLICIUM præsentî Marte REPOSCUNT."

Dr. W. knows that Julius Cæsar was not Mezentius. I am sure the Doctor cannot approve and recommend a passage which has been in the mouth of every modern Regicide from the murderer of Charles I. to the murder of Louis XVI. But why perpetually call out these passages to public notice, why dwell upon the "morgue et grandeur des Souverains," "the authorized type of a *Lion*," &c. &c. (v. 1. p. 33.) in times like these? We all love liberty as well as Dr. W. but a wise and good man discerns the signs of the times. There are the under-murmurings of a spurious, bastard, half-republicanism. I like them not.

(Alike to me, encas'd in Grecian bronze,
 Koran or Vulgate, Veda, Priest, or Bonze)
 And lend to truth itself unhallow'd aid,
 In all the rashness of a scholar's trade,
 And fall like (a) PORSON.

450

O C T A-

I shall not make any remarks on Dr. W.'s criticisms on Pope at present, they are often pleasing and curious and gratifying, but chiefly taken from his old Essay. I cannot now proceed. As Quintilian says,† *Nos genera degustamus, non bibliothecas discutimus.*" But as to the conclusion of *one* of Dr. Warton's notes on the Prologue to the Satires, I can well conceive it to be *his own* case, and I can believe it may be applied with feeling. Doctor Warton says, "*He*" "read (or *he* will read) with more satisfaction, the

ΑΨ' ὁ πᾶσις πρὸς κολπον εὐζωνοιο τιθηνης

Εκλινθη ιαχων

"than *we* do (or than the Doctor will hereafter do)" "Τεις μὲν ορεῖσθ' ἰων, ΤΟ ΔΕ ΤΕΤΡΑΤΟΝ ἴκετο ταχυωρ
 "Αιγας. κτλ." Vol. 4. pag. 55." Which last is the motto to this Fourth and last Part of the P. of L. I can indeed easily conceive, that after Doctor Joseph Warton has read *these* remarks, he will *shrink back like the child* in Homer, *from the grey-goose plume nodding* on the head of the writer of this note, and prefer luxury and repose on the deep *bosoms* of his *well-zoned* nurses, the London booksellers. To them and to their *consolations* || I leave him. I shall prefer the *solutis Gratia zonis* to all the booksellers in the world.

(*xx*) Perry, put synonymously for the printer of any factious newspaper.

† Quint. Lib. 10. C. 1.

§ Δεινον απ' ακροατης κορυθος νευοντα νοσηας.

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OCTAVIUS.

You may spare your pains,
 He gives no ear to any modern strains,
 Save those, by Oberèa (*b*) fondly sung,
 What time Opano (*c*) trembled on her tongue.

AUTHOR.

(*a*) See Mr. Professor Porson's Letters to Archdeacon Travis, of which the world has now heard *quite enough*. Mr. Professor Porson, *you may begin again*, but pray don't write in Mr. Perry's little democratic closet for the wits at the Morning Chronicle office. It is beneath you; I speak seriously. I know your abilities.—It may do well enough for Mr. Professor† Richardson, that fair *Fugitive* and Highland Bard, if a *certain political Dramatist's* computations will leave him any abilities at all, which I begin to doubt. What is genius, without a regulated life!

(*b*) See "An Epistle from Oberea, Queen of Otaheite, to Joseph Banks, Esq," (now Sir Joseph Banks) Mr. Porson's favourite modern poem, which he can say or rather *sing* to his friends. It is very ingenious, but rather too free; the versification is exquisite. I believe it is the only piece of modern English verse Mr. P. will read.

(*c*) *Opano* or *Tabano* was the manner in which the name of Banks was pronounced at Otaheite. But in this learned language, as Mr Zachary Fungus says to his brother Isaac in the Commissary, "Pshaw! you blockhead, I tell you THE NAME *does not signify nothing*."

† I allude to the Probationary Odes for the Laureatship. Mr. R. it seems, was employed by Mr. Dundas on that occasion. How could any man mistake an English Barrister for the Scotch Professor, who has written so very ingeniously on Shakspeare's characters.

AUTHOR.

Censure or praise let others seek or fear : 455
 Look at *my* verse ; whose superscription's there ?
 Whose cause do I defend ? 'tis your's, 'tis mine,
 The statesman's, or the peasant's ; in my line,
 All find in me a patron and a friend,
 Unseen, unknown, unshaken to the end : 460
 Yes, from the depths of Pindus shall my rhymes,
 Through this mis-order'd world, these lawless times,
 Be heard in Albion and her inmost state ;
 All that the good revere and bad men hate,
 In spirit and in substance, as of old, 465
 The Muse in her *Asbestos* (*cc*) shall enfold.

This

(*cc*) I know not whether I need mention it, but it was an ancient Roman custom to wrap dead bodies, before they were placed on the funeral pile, in a cloth made from a stone called *Amiantus*, or *Linum vivum*, by some called the *Asbestos*, on which fire had no power. (See D'Aubenton *Tableau Méthodique des Minéraux* p. 10. Edit. Par. 8vo. 1784.) N.B. Mr. D'Aubenton, a gentleman of amiable character and of great accuracy of mind, is now (1797) resident in Paris, advanced in years, and by quietly yielding to every revolutionary torrent in the republic, has escaped the general exterminating massacre of the active Citizen Literati in the hall of French Justice. "*His armis illa quoque tutus in aula.*"

This is my *method*.—Though I sometimes stray
 From Euclid's rigid rules to fancy's way,
 Yet have I mus'd on Granta's willowy strand,
 The sage of Alexandria (*d*) in my hand, 470
 And mark'd his mystic symbols; the severe
 And cogent truths dwell in my reason's ear.
 The Stagirite too I sought, and could divide
 (No Scotchman near, no Gillies by my side)
 His sober sense from pride of intellect, 475
 What Locke confirm'd, or warn'd me to reject.
 Thence soaring on the balanc'd wings of thought,
 (As Kepler hinted, but as Newton taught)
 My mind in calm ascension to the height
 Of the world's temple, through th' abyss of light,
 Mid wand'ring fires and every starr'd abode, 481
 Explor'd the works and wonders of the God,
 Who fix'd the laws of order, time and place,
 In his own great *sensorium*, (*e*) boundless space.

Q

The

(*d*) Euclid.

(*e*) "DEUS, in spatio infinito, tanquam in sensorio suo, res intimè cernit &c. &c." Newton Princip. Schol. General. Sub. fin.

PART IV.

The Chemist's magic flame, the curious sport 485
 Amber first gave, would oft my fancy court,
 Led through creation's consecrated range,
 Each flower, and plant, and stem, with every change
 Of vegetative life *in order* brought,
 I magnified Linnæus (*ee*) as I thought ; 490
 But spurn'd unfeeling science, cruel tales
 Of virgin (*f*) rabbits, and of headless (*g*) snails,
 And

(*ee*). But not in the spirit of that silly man, who inscribed these words under the print of Linnæus: "Deus creavit, *Lin-*
neus disposuit."—There is more folly in the inscription, than any intention of impiety; it is the mere rage of antithesis without reflection. But in this botanising age, it should not pass without observation to *all* naturalists.

(*f*) *Virgin Rabbits*.—I allude in general to all needless, and cruel experiments upon animals. All that breathe, and feel and enjoy the gift of life from their Creator are entitled to protection from man, under those limits and degrees which an honest and upright mind knows without being told. But in this place I particularly allude to an anecdote *related to me, by a friend*, of a Paper read at the Royal Society in the course of the last winter (1797.) on the subject of generation. The animal, chosen for these savage experiments by the merciless Doctor, was the Rabbit. Decency and humanity alike forbid the exposure of the process, and the mutilation of the parts of generation, before and after the animal was impregnated, and I think, in one or two of them, before the coïtus. Surely to sit calmly and to watch with an impure,

And through the realms of Nature as I trod,
Bow'd at the throne, and faw (gg) the pow'r, of GOD.

Q 2

In

impure, and inhuman, and unhallowed curiosity the progress of the desires, and the extinction of the natural passions in devoted animals after such mutilations and experiments, is a practice useless, wicked, foolish, degrading, and barbarous. There is no justification to be offered. The mystery itself is not to be disclosed to man. But we will know every thing; I wish we would recollect that we must account for our knowledge. When an experiment, for any purpose useful to millions of our fellow-creatures, has been once made upon an animal, it should be *finally* recorded by men of science and veracity, as authentic and satisfactory, not to be repeated. Sometimes, *as I was told*, the idea of the cruelty exercised upon these animals was for a moment lost in the ridiculous terms, which were perpetually repeated in these papers, which occupied three or four sittings of the R.S. *My friend told me*, that he actually thought that SIR CHARLES BLAGDEN, KNIGHT AND SECRETARY to the R. S. had been provided with specimens, and that he expected to see *Virgin* Rabbets, *married* Rabbets, and *matron* Rabbets produced from a basket on the table to lick, as in scorn and contempt, the very mace of a Society who night after night could sit and hear such a cruel farrago without indignation, but with half-smiles and simpers at the *virginity* of these unprotected and devoted miserable animals. When Papers are publicly offensive, they should be publicly reprobated, and *not suffered to be produced* before the Royal Society upon a pretence of promoting natural knowledge. WHY HAS THE SOCIETY A COUNCIL? THE COUNCIL should be a literary and philosophical *Grand Jury*. If it is not so, it is of no use whatsoever, but to gratify the silly vanity of dilettanti noblemen and *busy* Baronets. I should think Mr. PLANTA, the very learned, accurate, and well informed

Secre.

In morals, in religion, in the state, 495

In science, *without order*, ALL I hate.

OCTAVIUS.

I hear, not quite convinc'd : I honour still

Consistent excellence and measur'd skill ;

Not Extracts, (*h*) Beauties, pun, or anecdote,

Of social (*i*) Nicoll or young Cadell bought, 500

Such

Secretary to the R. S. would be of my opinion. To make such experiments as these, is to offer an insult to the *Sacrarium* of the Most High. For my own part, I would extend the famous speech of the Barons in the age of Henry the Third. I would thunder in the ears of the President and of the whole Royal Society, as a body, "*Nolumus Leges NATURÆ mutari!*"

(*g*) Here is another savage instance to no end or purpose whatsoever, but mere cruel sport of curiosity. The Abbé Spallanzani asserts that snails *re-produce their heads* after the amputation of the original capita. And he made experiments numerous beyond belief. But in the Academie des Sciences 1778, the reader will find Mr. Cotte differs from the humane Abbé, and says, "that out of thousands of snails who have suffered the operation, there have not been above five or six of them, which have, as it is pretended, reproduced their heads."

(*gg*) Νομμενα καθορᾶται.
St. Paul.

Such pie-bald patchwork knowledge, as the bags
By Sappho wrought from scraps (ii) and colour'd rags.

Yet speak, the hour demands : Is Learning fled ?
Spent all her vigour, all her spirit dead ?

Have Gallic arms and unrelenting war 505

Borne all her trophies from Britannia far ?

Shall nought but ghosts and trinkets be display'd,

Since Walpole (iii) ply'd the virtuoso's trade,

Bade

(h) Extracts, &c.—Constantine Porphyrogeneta, who was seated on the imperial throne of the Greeks in the 10th century, an age of much darkness, was the first person who employed the literati of his age in making *Extracts* from the works of the ancients. This employment has received it's consummation in *our* time, in all the Beauties, Anas, Elegant Extracts, Encyclopedias, Anecdotes, &c. &c. which have almost superseded the references to original writers, and created more half-scholars than the world ever saw before. It is however not without it's use, if judgment be exerted. It is rather singular that the very mode which was adopted for the revival of learning in the early ages, should be now followed with the opposite effect.—I am sorry that the Chief "*Public bag-man*" of the age, MR. SEWARD, will not approve this note. I always approve his compilation in preference to all others.

(i) Mr. George Nicoll, Bookseller to the King.

(ii) A favourite amusement of the ladies at this time.

(iii) The late ingenious Earl of Orford, Horace Walpole. The spirit of enquiry which he introduced was rather frivolous, though pleasing, and his Otranto Ghosts have propagated their species with unequalled fecundity. The spawn is in every novel shop.

Bade sober truth revers'd for fiction pass, 509
 And mus'd o'er Gothic toys through Gothic glass ?
 Since states, and words, and volumes, all are new,
 Armies have *skeletons*, (*k*) and sermons (*l*) too ;
 So teach our Doctors warlike or divine,
 Simeon by Cam, or Wyndham on the Rhine.
 Or has *Invention* slept ? the modern store 515
 What Athens or Chaldæa knew before ?
 All that the Gallic sage, with ill-starr'd wit,
 Kens from his ancient (*m*) telescopic pit.

AUTHOR.

(*k*) The language of the House of Commons. It should have been in other terms. "Sunt lacrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt." Sorrow is sacred, and should have the language of consolation even from the lips of a Statesman.

(*l*) See Claude's Essay on a Sermon with an Appendix, containing one hundred *Skeletons* of Sermons, &c. By Charles Simeon, M. A. Fellow of King's College Cambridge. 1796.— This is as ludicrous and absurd in a Divine, as the term is offensive and unfeeling in Parliament during the miseries of war.

(*m*) See the "Origine des Découvertes attribuées aux Modernes" 4to Par Monsieur DUTENS. 1797. The work is rather entertaining, but by no means encouraging, if the Frenchman did not generally substitute conjecture for proof. He observes page 130, in his tenth chapter, "that the bottom of a pit, from whence

PART I.

A U T H O R.

All is not lost : (*n*) the spirit shall revive : 519
 Lowth yet instructs, and Blayney's (*o*) labours live ;
 With all who wander by the sacred fount,
 (A chosen Band !) encircling Sion's mount,
 Fast by the fanes and oracles of God,
 And mark, with KING (*p*), where waves his awful rod.

The

" we may see the stars at noon-day, may be imagined to be the
 " *primitive telescope*." Mr. Dutens may sit in calm contempla-
 tion at the bottom of his ancient pit, and from that natural primi-
 tive telescope see whatever best pleases his fancy ; for my own
 part I prefer the prospect from a cliff with the assistance of mo-
 dern ingenuity, whether *invented* by Democritus or Dollond.

(*n*) I have in various parts spoken of those writers, who have
 done honour to Great Britain ; and it is not possible for me to
 name all those who, even now, form that constellation of ability
 and talents which has been or may yet be displayed, which Plu-
 tarch might call, in language somewhat lofty, (I think in his
Treatise de placitis philosophorum) the Πολλων και συνεζων
 Αστερων συμφωτιζομενων αλληλοις ΣΥΝΑΥΓΑΣΜΟΝ.

(*o*) The deeply-learned Translator and Commentator on Je-
 remiah, &c. &c. B. Blayney, D. D. Regius Professor of Hebrew
 and Canon of Christ Church, Oxford.

The truth of evidence, the moral strain, 525

Nor

(A) As *The French Revolution and its Consequences* must occupy and alarm the thoughts of every man who reflects, and stands in awe of the misery and desolation which have been brought upon the earth, and of the judgments which may be yet impending over Europe, I think I may be excused by many persons for the note which I am now writing. But first I recommend to all those who either ignorantly, or impiously, or presumptuously deny, reject, or vilify *the Scriptures*, to pass it over entirely. To them it will be foolishness. They have neither part nor lot in such a discussion. But under this restriction, and under this impression, I am inclined to extend the subject a little, and would call the public attention with much earnestness to some parts of a book printed in the beginning of the year 1788 in 4to, intitled "*Morsels of Criticism, tending to illustrate some few passages in the holy scriptures upon philosophical principles and an enlarged view of things: by EDWARD KING, Esq. F.R.A.S. printed for Robson and Robinson in 1783.*" The title of it is objectionable on every account, open to ignorant ridicule and unadvised; but had a second edition of the work been called for, it might easily have been altered. The author of it appears to me, (I speak *from his book*) to be a gentleman of extensive erudition and ingenuity, and of accurate biblical knowledge, perhaps a little too fond of theory and sometimes a little whimsical in his application of natural philosophy; but never without a serious intention and a profound piety. He never forgets *the nature* of the subjects he is treating. He seems to approach the sacred writings with that prostration of mind, that distrust of his own powers, and that self-abasement, which are required of those who desire to look into the hidden things of God. I speak of the spirit by which

Nor HURD has preach'd, nor PALEY taught in vain!

R

Nor

which he appears to me to be conducted, and (I repeat it) I speak *from the work alone*. I shall contend for no interpretations given by Mr. King or by any other man, but I may propose them to public consideration; for I never observed more caution and more wariness than in this writer. We know that it is declared that "the book of prophecy is sealed *till the time of completion*;" but the events of the world, of the Christian world, are so awful and so alarming as to induce us to believe, that they happen not without the immediate providence and decree of the Supreme Being against the superstition and corruptions of man, and for the fulfilling of the preparation for those times, when "the Kingdoms of this world must (*in defiance of all human policy*) become the kingdoms of God and of his Christ!" I will therefore offer to thinking persons some passages from this work by Mr. King, *written several years before the present events* had taken place in Europe, or could be conceived to be possible. I am as little disposed to superstition and enthusiasm as any man living; and I do not give them as additions to the idle prophecies and random conjectures which have appeared in such numbers. I have too much reverence for the reader and for myself on such a subject. But the circumstance which peculiarly strikes me is this; that they were written *without any specific reference* to any nation in Europe, but simply and in general, that such times and such events might be expected in *some part* of the Christian world. The first passage I shall present, is a part of Mr. King's explanation of the 24th Chapter of St. Matthew's gospel, principally of the 29th verse.† In regard to which he says, "We may remark, "if the words are to be understood, as spoken merely emblematically, then the images made use of are such as are well known

† Of course I refer the reader to the book itself for the tenor of the whole argument.

Nor yet unfelt, in this neglectful time,

Fervid

known to predict (consistently with their constant use in many other parts of prophecy) a great destruction and almost annihilation of many of those lawful powers which rule on earth, however beneficial any of them may be to the earth; and A DREADFUL LESSENING OF THE DIGNITY AND SPLENDOUR OF ALL GREATNESS, and a subversion of all good order and civil government. Than which nothing can be expected more formidable. Dreadful indeed must be A TIME, (if such an one is to come) WHEN men are let loose upon each other, possessed of all their present improvements and advantages, but unrestrained either by law and civil government, or by conscience and good principle; scorning the admonition and authority of those who ought to maintain justice, and assisted by the more rude and barbarous parts of the world, whom they shall find too ready to increase THE UNIVERSAL UPROAR." Page 262—3.—At the conclusion of his Remarks on the Revelations Ch. 16. v. 13 and 14. he says: "Here, while we maintain due reverential fear, our interpretation must end. Nothing but the events themselves when they come to pass, can rightly explain the rest. And they will certainly speak LOUDLY ENOUGH for themselves, as those before have done.—Only I must just remark, that it seems, as if persecution and the horrid influences of superstition, and of ignorance and of barbarism were allowed to produce their dire effects during the first part of the period of the time described under the Vials; and as if, IRRELIGION, VANITY, AND A TOTAL WANT OF ALL SERIOUS PRINCIPLE, AND A MISAPPLICATION OF THE REFINEMENTS OF CIVILIZATION, were so by ALLOWED to produce THEIR MISCHIEF also, at the latter end of that period!" page 453. See also p. 456 and 57, which I could wish to copy, the words are so important, and the style so dignified. In the conclusion of which

Fervid, but just, convincing, yet sublime,

R 2

His

which Mr. King observes, *on the finishing of the mystery of God,* "that as there should be false Christs and false prophets, so there should be also a dreadful subversion of all good government and order, and that men should be let loose upon each other, in defiance of all civil power and just rule, and of legal restraint." He subjoins some words too remarkable to be passed over. "It will be happy for those who shall live some years hence, if they can prove me guilty of a mistake in this point. I speak and write with cautious reverence and fear; acknowledging that I am liable to error, and by no means pretending to prophecy: but still apprehending myself bound not to conceal the truth, where any matter appears to be revealed in Holy Scripture; and especially when the bringing an impending denunciation to light, (if it be a truth) may be an awful warning and caution to many, AND PREVENT THEIR BECOMING ACCESSARY TO THE EVIL.*" Page 461. I must own, I am so struck with these passages, that without any knowledge of THIS ILLUSTRIOUS LAYMAN but from his work, I could almost address him in the sublime apostrophe of one of the most eloquent Fathers of

* The following passage from the great Historian Josephus, on the inattention and ignorance of man in regard to the divine predictions, is remarkable. The words are these.

Ταῦτα μὲν, ἱκανῶς ἐμφανίσαι δυνάμενα τὴν τῆ Θεοῦ φύσιν τοῖς ἀνθρώποις, εἰρηκάμεν, ὅτι ποικίλη ἔστι καὶ πολυτροπὸς, καὶ πάντα καθάραι ἀπαντὰ τεταγμένως, ἃ τε δεῖ γενέσθαι προλεγεῖν τὴν τε τῶν ἀνθρώπων Αἴγνοιαν καὶ ἀπιστίαν, ὅρ' ἢς ἔθεν προῖδειν ἐαθήσαντων ἀποβήσομενων, Αὐτλακτοὶ τε ταῖς συμφοραῖς παρεδόθησαν, ὡς ἀπ' οὐρανοῦ ἐλάττωσαν, καὶ ἐξ αὐτῶν πείραν διαφυγεῖν.

Joseph. Antiq. Jud. Lib. 10. S. 3. p. 449. Ed. Hudson. Oxon.

His learn'd *Apology* has RENNELL (r) fram'd,
And may hereafter be with Barrow (rr) nam'd. 530

HERS-

of the ancient Church: " Ἀνθρῳπε τῷ Θεῷ, πιστε θεραπον καὶ
οἰκονομῶς τῶν τῷ Θεῷ μυστηρίων, Ἀνερ ἐπιθυμιῶν τῶν τῷ πνεύμα-
τος, καλῶ Σε στυλον καὶ ἑδραιωμα τῆς Ἐκκλησίας, λόγον ζωῆς
ἐπεχόντα, καὶ πίστεως εἰσῆμα, καὶ πνεύματος καταγωγίον." †

—Thus† did this very learned and most pious man, in
a strain of serious, temperate, and impressive eloquence
deliver his opinion and his interpretation. They will stand
before us and our posterity, as the memorial of that lonely
wisdom, that reverential application of the divine word, and
of that silent dignity, which can *alone* be attained by a re-
tirement (at intervals) from the world which God has made
to *HIM* alone, and by that worship in spirit and in truth, which
when joined to human erudition and to the sober cultivation
of the understanding, will produce FRUIT UNTO LIFE.—But
I conclude; humbly acknowledging and deeply feeling myself
wholly unequal, and altogether unworthy, to speak of the awful
sublimity of such subjects. My office can be but ministerial;
it is mine only to lead the aspirant to the door of the temple, and
to retire.

(r) I am obliged to a Dignitary of the Church who sent me,
as a present, the Sermon to which I allude, preached by the Re-
verend THOMAS RENNELL D. D. before the Sons of the Cler-
gy on the 10th of May, 1796. I read the whole of it with great
avidity, and with that satisfaction I had been taught to ex-
pect

† Gregor Naz. Orat. 19. (Op. Edit. Prunæ. p. 286 Paris 1609.) It was pro-
nounced before the great Basil, when seated upon the archiepiscopal throne
of Casarea. (A. D. circ. 374.)

† In the beginning of the year 1788, which were probably written many
years before they were offered to the public.

HERSCHELL, (rrr) with ampler mind and magic glass,
Mid worlds and worlds revolving as they pass,

Pours

pect from the character which the author bears in the learned world; but the peculiar part to which the public attention is eminently due, is from page 11, at the words "It is, &c." to page 23 ending at the words "unto them." This part of the Discourse (short as it is) in my opinion, is the most eloquent, manly, and dignified *Apology* for the Church of England which ever was delivered from a pulpit. If I am not deceived, there is much of the manner and style and genius of the great Barrow, and I think also some of his faults; but they are the faults of Barrow. They might be softened and corrected. Perhaps all notes to a Sermon, however excellent, had better be omitted; such as Dr. Rennell's should be wrought into the body of the work. I must hint, that the abilities and learning of Dr. Rennell should be exerted in compositions of higher consequence, and not confined to single sermons.—I should not be so particular on so short a composition, if Quintilian had not taught me that a man may deserve "multum et veræ gloriæ quamvis uno libello;" and in the vast multitude of single sermons which are published week after week, may I not add,

Est aliquid, de tot Graiorum millibus UNUM

A Diomede legi.

(rr) At the name of so great a man as ISAAC BARROW, I cannot but pause a moment. I present the following words (greater and more dignified never met my ear) to all who are capable of receiving them. They are taken from his epitaph. "Vir verè magnus, si quid magni habent pietas, probitas, fides, summa eruditio, par modestia, mores sanctissimi undeque et suavissimi. Cathedras omnes, ecclesiam, gentem ornavit. Opes, honores, et universum vitæ ambitum, AD MAJORA NATUS, non contempsit sed RELIQUIT SÆCULO!"—The Epitaph was written by the learned Dr. Mapletost. Barrow died aged only 47. At the remembrance of such a character, to use the words of a Platonic philosopher, who is often sublime, "Ἡ Ψυχὴ παύεται τε, καὶ ἐρεῖσθαι, καὶ οὐτως πτερεῖται, καὶ τὸ πρῶτον μακροτέρω καὶ ὑψίστερα." Plotini Ennead. 6. L. 7. p. 714. Ed. Basil. Ficini.

(rrr) Dr. Herschell's new doctrine of the *Materia Solaris*

Pours the full cluster'd radiance from on high,
 That fathomless abyss of Deity.
 Who in the depth abstruse of intellect 535
 A greater now than WARING (s) shall expect?
 Lo, where Philosophy extends her sway,
 Guides future Navies o'er the trackless way,
 More voluble and firm; so, strong in thought,
 The royal Synod ATWOOD (ss) sate and taught. 540

Who

his attracted much attention among the learned. I offer to their consideration a curious passage, which I met with, when I was reading with a very different purpose. The *Platonic PROCLUS*, in the third book of his Commentaries on the *Timæus* of his great Master, mentions that Aristotle (whom, surely with justice, he calls ὁ θαυμαστός Ἀριστοτέλης) hints, that neither the Sun, nor even the stars, are *absolutely bodies of fire*. The words are these: 'Τὸν τῶν Ἀστρῶν χορὸν, καὶ αὐτὸν τὸν μέγαν Ἥλιον, ΟΥΚ ΟΝΤΑ ΕΚ ΠΥΡΟΣ.' *Procli Comment. in Timæum Platonis*, Edit. Basil. Gr. 1534. page 141. There is another singular passage (not so explicit as this from Proclus) in the first book *de Cælo* of the Second Ennead of *Plotinus* the *Platonicorum Coryphæus*, as he has been called: he talks also from Aristotle of a "Πῦρ τῇ τῶν Ἀστρῶν προσφορὸν φύσει." *Plotin: Ennead. 2 L. 1. pag. 99, &c.* Edit. Basil. cum *Comment. Ficini*.—The reader is referred to Dr. Herschell's most curious paper "On the Nature and Construction of the Sun and Fixed Stars," *Phil. Trans. Part I. 1795.*

(s) Edward Waring, M.D. Professor of the Mathematics in the University of Cambridge.

(ss) See a Paper in the *Philos. Trans. 1796 Part I.* entitled "The Construction and Analysis of geometrical propositions determining the positions assumed by homogeneous bodies which float freely and at rest, on a fluid's surface; also determining the stability of ships and other floating bodies, by GEORGE ATWOOD, Esq. F. R. S." The R. S. presented Mr. Atwood with their medal

Who may forget thee, (t) BEATTIE? rustic(v) BURNS,
 And all his artless wood-notes Scotland mourns.
 With England's Bard, with COWPER, who shall vie?
 Original in strength and dignity,
 With more than Painter's fancy blest, with lays
 Holy, as saints to heav'n expiring raise. (x) 546
 High

medal on the occasion. A society may be and is honoured by its Members. It may gratify itself by prevailing on great men to accept of a little memorial as a testimony of merit. But to think that a Medal can confer any honour on such men as Newton, Waring, Euler, Cotes, Atwood, and all (whom the Florentine Poet would call) the

"MAESTRI di color che sanno
 Seder tra filosofica famiglia,"
 is an absurdity too great to be supposed.

(v) James Beattie, L.L.D. Author of "The Minstrel, 2 books." It is to be for ever regretted that this true Poet and most excellent man never finished this exquisite Poem. My mind dwells upon it, particularly on the First Part, even from my boyish days at school.

(v) Robert Burns. The Ayresshire Ploughman. An original Poet.

(x) William Cowper Esq. Author of "The Task."—Τὴν Μουσῶν ἰσὺν δοῦς! Such are the words of the divine ASCRAEAN, in his Theogonia. Of these Muses seated on our own Parnassus, it may be said,

"There
 * Dant. Inf. C. 4.

High from the climes of Latium's happier day
 The Muse on Roscoe (xx) darts her noontide ray,
 And with each soft, each reconciling pow'r,
 Sheds gleams of peace on MELMOTH's (xxx) closing
 hour ; 550
 Bright

" There did they sit, and do their holy deed,
 That pleas'd both heav'n and earth !"

Bishop Hall's Satires. B. i. S. 2.

The conclusion of the Poet's work is so sacred, so dignified, so unequalled in simplicity and unaffected piety, that I hope none will read it without those sensations and without that improvement it seems designed to inspire.

" But all in his hand whose praise I seek.

In vain the Poet sings and the world hears,

If he regard not, though divine the theme.

'Tis not in artful measures, in the chime

And idle tinkling of a minstrel's lyre

To charm his ear, who looks upon the heart :

Whose frown can disappoint the proudest strain,

Whose approbation—prosper even mine."

B. 6.

(xx) William Roscoe, Esq. the historian of Lorenzo de Medici called the Magnificent. See the P. of L. Part III. at the conclusion.

(xxx) WILLIAM MELMOTH, Esq. a most elegant and distinguished writer, "near half an age with every good man's praise." His translations of Cicero and Pliny will speak for him, while
 Roman

Bright to the goal in their sublime career

BRYANT and BURKE (v) the torch triumphant bear;

S

While

Roman and English eloquence can be united. Mr. Melmoth is a happy example of the mild influence of learning on a cultivated mind, I mean of that learning which is declared to be the *aliment* of youth, and the *delight* and consolation of declining years. Who would not envy this "FORTUNATE OLD MAN" his most finished translation and comment on Tully's *Cato*? or rather, who would not rejoice in the refined and mellowed pleasures of so accomplished a gentleman and so liberal a scholar.

(v) It is to be wished, that these TWO GREAT MEN may now conclude their political and literary labours. "*Finem dignum et optimo viro et opere sanctissimo faciant!*" Quintil. Lib. 12. Cap. 11. —Since writing the above, when I heard of the death of that UNEQUALLED man, the Rt. Hon. EDMUND BURKE,† I could only say to my friend,

Η μάλα λυγρὴς

Πευσεται ἀγγελίης, ἢ ἢ ὠφέλλε γενεσθαι,
Κεῖται ΠΗΛΕΙΔΗΣ!

Such was my veneration for this Great Man when living, such is the depth of my homage and the secret affliction of my spirit at his departure. He is no more. But his learned friends will do him justice. It appears to me expedient and grateful, that we should all remember and revere THE MAN, to whose *primal* exertions (it cannot be repeated too frequently) we originally owe the public sense of the moral, political, and religious danger of England from the grand *crushing* Cabal, grounded and rooted in France and branching out and overshadowing all Europe.† I speak, as I think, in sincerity. Without much reflection we cannot understand the full nature and extent of the public obligation to Mr. Burke. I would not vindicate any man from the cradle to the

† July 1797.

† The Abbé BARRUEL has done a public service to Europe by his eloquent and perspicuous delineation of the *History of Jacobinism* in his work intitled "*Mémoires pour servir à l'histoire du Jacobinisme*." By no means subscribe to all the Abbé's opinions and particular doctrines. But in the disposition of the whole work I perceive the hand of a master. He has discovered and traced from the very source the original Cabal, and its impious infamous leaders, he has laid down their scheme, and disposed the proofs from their own authentic writings

PART IV.

and

While Granta hails (what need the Sage to name?)

Her *lov'd* IAPIS on the banks of Cam. (vv)

But

grave; much less a politician and a statesman. The very region of Politics is baneful; it is too frequently "the soil the *Vices* like." Every statesman, in or out of power, knows his own meanness, the turbulence of his passions, the rattles of office, the irritation of opponents, the jealousy of rank, and the impatience of consorted power. All this is true. But still, when I have revolved the various labours of EDMUND BURKE, and THE CAUSE HE HAS MAINTAINED, (as it regards government, religion, and society, not the details of the war and its conduct) I say, with this allowance for the feverous frailty of the passions, and the taint of mortality in all our best works and actions, I would record in lasting characters, and in our holiest and most honourable temple, the departed Orator of England, the Statesman, and the Christian, EDMUND BURKE!—*Remuneratio ejus CUM ALTISSIMO!*

(vv) I wish, (and every *Etonian* and every member of the University of Cambridge of good character will join me heart and hand) that this great, disinterested, virtuous and CONSUMMATE Scholar and Physician, now by learning and religion conducted

with
and works, in a convincing, orderly, and logical arrangement. It is worthy to be read by all who are interested in the great cause of God and man. And I hope and will be studied. It is the best historical and critical commentary extant (except the events themselves) on Mr. Burke's first work called, "Reflections on the Revolution in France." 1790—It is for such paramount reasons, that the Legislature and all the Magistrates of Great Britain are called upon loudly to controul (while they yet can controul with effect) *by the law* and by the law alone, such works as those by Thomas Paine, and all the spawn of lewdness, irreligion and democracy in their vigour or in their dotage; to repress by law such popular works or novels as THE MONK by M. Lewis M.P. which I have stated † amply, as indecent and blasphemous; and to watch over the proceedings of Dr. Geddes†, the new Translator of the Bible. The plain questions are these: "ARE WE TO BE PRESERVED?" and, "CAN WE BE PRESERVED?" The French Revolution is now matter of history. I mean of History speaking in every language of every nation of Europe. One establishment upholds another; and the fall of any one draws after it a long Ruin. Read the Memoires of the Abbé BARRUEL, and doubt, if you can, whether LITERATURE has power to kill and to make alive. Atheist Statesmen always co-operate with Atheist philosophers, but are generally duped by them. "*Ils prennent leurs ordres sans le savoir*," said D'Alembert. The grand triple Conspiracy and crushing Cabal, under all its horrid formularies, against religion, regal power, and social order under moral restraint, has shewn what is the force and potency of LITERATURE stimulated and conducted by an exterminating philosophy. LET ENGLAND BEWARE AND LOOK TO HERSELF!

† Preface to Part IV. of the P. of L. † 1b. 1b. Pref. P. IV.

But whence that groan ? no more Britannia sleeps,
 But o'er her lost Musæus (xx) bends and weeps. 556
 Lo, every Grecian, every British Muse
 Scatters the recent flow'rs and gracious dew
 Where MASON lies ; he sure their influence felt,
 And in his breast each soft affection dwelt, 560
 That love and friendship know ; each sister art,
 With all that Colours, and that Sounds impart,
 All that the Sylvan theatre can grace,
 All in the soul of MASON " FOUND THEIR PLACE !"
 Low sinks the laurell'd head ; in Mona's land 563
 I see them pass, 'tis Mador's drooping band,
 To harps of woe in holiest obsequies,
 " *In yonder grave, they chant, our DRUID lies !*"

He (y) too, whom Indus and the Ganges mourn,
 The glory of their banks, from Isis torn, 570
 In learning's strength is fled, in judgment's prime,
 In science temp'rate, various, and sublime ;

To
 with dignity to the close of life, may be known by this affectionate verse to all posterity, " *The low'd Lapis on the banks of Cam.*"

" DIIS DILECTE SENEX, te Jupiter æquus oportet
 Nascentem, et mihi lustrârit lumine Phœbus
 Atlantisque nepos; neque enim nisi charus ab ortu
 Diis superis poterit magno favisse poetæ.
 Ergo ego te Clîus et magni nomine Phœbi
 MANSE PATER, jubeo LONGUM salvere PER ÆVUM !

MILTON AD MANSUM

To Him familiar every legal doom,
 The courts of Athens, or the halls of Rome,
 Or Hindoo Veda taught ; for him the Muse 575
 Distill'd from *every* flow'r Hyblæan dew ;
 Firm, when exalted, in demeanour grave,
 Mercy and truth were his, he lov'd to save :
 His mind collected, 'gainst opinion's shock
 JONES stood unmov'd, and from the Christian rock,
 Cœlestial brightness beaming on his breast, 581
 He saw THE STAR, and worshipp'd in the East.

Thou too, OCTAVIUS, that dread hour must feel,
 Nor eloquence, nor wit, nor patriot zeal,
 Nor piety sincere without the show, 585
 Nor every grace Pierian pow'rs bestow
 From pure Ilyssus and the Latian shore,
 What Swift, or great Erasmus felt before,
 May save thee !—yet, yet long, so friendship calls,
 May guardian Angels hover round the walls, 590
 Where love and virtue fix their blest abode,
 Friend of thy country, servant of thy God ! (yy)

Octavius,

(xx) The Rev. William Mason, M. A. author of *Elfrida*, *Caractacus*, *Musæus* a Monody on Mr. Pope, *The English Garden*, &c. &c. &c. &c.

(yy) SIR WILLIAM JONES. One of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Judicature in Bengal, &c. &c. &c. &c.

Octavius, yes, it is, it shall be mine,

With praise appropriate still to grace my line:

To me all heedless of proud fashion's sneer, 595

MAURICE (z) is learn'd, and WILBERFORCE sincere,

(Though

(yy) In this *political* and *depressing* period, it is some comfort to divert the attent on for a moment to such characters of literary and poetical excellence as The Rev. William Mason, and Sir William Jones—and to be able to add *my own* Octavius. OCTAVIUS OPTIMUS, are the legitimate words of HORACE. With an allowance for the partiality of friendship, (and who that ever felt such an affection will refuse to grant it) and with sorrow that *now* he must *neither be understood nor named*, I assert with truth, that OCTAVIUS is formed to move among the highest and the foremost in the state, though contented and submitting to act in a station, certainly not without honour, yet inadequate to his faculties.

(z) *The Reverend THOMAS MAURICE*, Author of "Indian Antiquities, in 6 vol. 8vo. and of "the History of Hindostan, "it's Arts and it's Sciences, as connected with the History of "the other great Empires of Asia, during the most ancient "periods of the world." Vol. 1 4to. is only yet published. The public is well acquainted with their merits. But it is with the most serious concern, that I read what Mr. Maurice has declared, that "*This History* commenced under the patronage of "the Court of East India Directors, is dedicated to them, *in humble hopes of their continued support of a work*, which MUST SINK "WITHOUT THAT † SUPPORT." Dedication.—Learning has felt a degradation from these words. I believe that WILLIAM PITT, the first Earl of Chatham, would have wrested such a Scholar as Mr.

† The E. I. Company subscribed for a certain number of Copies. This is not patronage.

(Though on his page (*a*) some pause in sacred doubt)
As Gisborne (*b*) serious, and as Pott (*c*) devout.

For

Mr. Maurice from the hands of the Merchants, and placed him under the direct patronage of the Crown. But the name of *William*, (though Erasmus in one of his Epistles once dwelt upon it with satisfaction,) is no more connected with literature. The present Minister the Rt. Hon. William Pitt, (though he holds the second high office in a learned university) in this respect, can only be delivered down to posterity, "as a negative instruction to his successors for ever." But I neither call upon Nabobs, nor Directors, nor Ministers with the same earnestness, or with the same censure, as upon the Guardians and Bishops of the Church of England. It is to be remembered, that the whole tenor of Mr. Maurice's writings is to establish the truth of Christianity in general, as well as of some disputed doctrines, from the very sources whence some of it's adversaries have drawn arguments against it. The Archbishops of Canterbury and York, the Doctors Moore and Markham, the Bishops of London, and Durham, and Winchester, Porteous, Barrington, and North, are called upon to confer support and dignity on such a distinguished champion of the truth of the cause. If they neglect it, without an adequate reason, I affirm, they are guilty of a breach of duty to the kingdom, and to the establishment they are appointed to uphold. When I argue with Bishops on such a topic, I suppose they acknowledge the force of a *moral* obligation, and I cannot allow myself to think I suppose too much. "A dispensation is committed unto them." ΟΙΚΟΝΟΜΙΑΝ ΠΕΡΙΣΤΕΥΝΤΑΙ. I speak with firmness, I am sure I mean to speak with respect. I am sorry to say, they have not often such an opportunity. I am not to be told, that researches like those of Mr. Maurice are liable to the caprice of erudition, and of uncertain application, and that his style is frequently too luxuriant and diffuse. The foundation of a temple may be strong, though every ornament on the pillars
may

For Athens CUMBERLAND (a) seems born alone
To

may not be just.—I never saw MR. MAURICE in my life; nor am I in the least acquainted with him but by his writings and character. (June 1797.)

(a) See, "A Practical View of the prevailing religious system of Professed Christians in the higher and middle classes in this country, contrasted with real Christianity." By William Wilberforce, Esq. M.P. for the county of York.—Some very serious persons have their doubts as to the theological principles of this work in their fullest extent, and I fear it is sometimes too rigid and exclusive in its doctrines. But of the intention, virtue, learning, and patriotism of the eloquent and well-informed Senator, I have the most honourable and decided opinion. His work is vehement, impassioned, urgent, fervid, instant: though sometimes copious to prolixity, and in a few parts even to tediousness. Perhaps it is the production of an orator rather than of a writer. Throughout the whole, there is a manly fortitude of thought firm and unshrinking. Though for my own part, for obvious reasons, I dislike the term "*Real Christianity*," as *exclusively* applied to any set of propositions drawn from the Gospel, yet I fear my own manifold infirmities and transgressions, rather than the truth, plead for the mitigation of some doctrines. If I regard *external circumstances*, I would not indeed take theology from Athanasius or Bossuet, morality from Seneca, or politics from Lansdown or Syéys. But I will own, that from a scrutiny into the public and private character of Mr. Wilberforce, I am inclined to think that his enemies would be *forced* into an acknowledgment, (as it is recorded in the words of a prophet), that "they can find no occasion against this man, except they find it against him concerning the law of his God." A reader of his work must be good or bad *in the extreme*, who may not receive some advantage from the awful composition. I am unworthy to praise it, and I feel myself so. If I may descend from divinity to *mere philosophy*, I shall add, that if Mr. Wilberforce proceeds and acts upon the sublimity of such principles, we may apply to him the expressions drawn from the fountain of Plato by his most enthusiastic votary, Plotinus:

"Αφ' ἑαυτῆς μεταβάλλει, ὡς εἰκὼν πρὸς ἀρχαίτυπον, τέλος ἔχων

To bid her comic Patriot be our own ;

600

Nor

“της πορείας !” He will best comprehend the high and holy sentence which declares what is the life of such men : “Οὐτω θεῶν καὶ ἀνθρώπων θείων καὶ εὐδαιμονῶν βίος, ἀπαλλαγὴ τῶν ἁλλων τῶν τῆδε, βίος ἀνηδονος τῶν τῆδε, ΦΥΓΗ ΜΟΝΟΥ ΠΡΟΣ ΜΟΝΟΝ !” Plotini Ennead: 6. L. 9. c. xi.—

(b) The Reverend Thomas Gisborne, M. A. Author of an Enquiry into the Duties of Men &c. and of the Female Sex &c. &c. eminently entitled to the public esteem and gratitude.

(c) The Rev. J. H. Pott, M. A. the learned and excellent Arch-deacon of St. Alban's. In his writings instructive, laborious in his office, unblemished in his character, and exemplary in his profession. I may just observe, it was once the wish of Neckham, abbot of Cirencester in the 12th Century, as Leland. (Script. Britann. p. 240) records it in the Abbot's own affecting expressions ;

Clastrum

Martyris *Albani* sit mihi tuta quies!

Hic locus ætatis nostræ primordia novit,

Annos felices lætitiæque dies.

Hic locus insignes magnosque creavit alumnos,

Felix eximio martyre, gente, situ.†

This is very poetical and very true; but I had rather (on some future vacancy) see so learned and exemplary a Divine as Archdeacon Pott in his Deanery at Durham, St. Paul's, or Westminster; and I wish Mr. Pitt were of my opinion.

(a) Richard Cumberland Esq. an author of various talents, and of very considerable learning. It is scarcely necessary to enumerate his compositions, in particular his dramatic works, which have received the sanction of public esteem. In my opinion he has done very great service to the cause of morality and of literature. He is author of a work called “The Observer,” and from the translations in that work of the fragments of the Greek comic writers, I believe all learned readers will agree, that he is the only man in the kingdom (with whom we are *publicly* acquainted)

equal

† How pleasing still to apply such a passage as this, when walking in the groves and retreats of a beloved university! These are unreturning pleasures, ill-exchanged for noise or pomp or public honours.

Nor yet ungrac'd may SULLIVAN (*b*) remain,
 Serene in fancy, nor in science vain,
 Yet still, though oft his various works I scan,
 I quit the volume, when I find the man.

Good books (*b*) are the mind's bread : (excuse the
 phrase, 605

Gifford will bear the term, and Cowper praise)

T

They

equal to the translation of Aristophanes. I wish it were to be the amusement of his retired hours. I shall never think he has been "public too long," but as he has quitted *the* stage, (as he affirms himself,) such a translation would be an easy, yet an adequate and honourable employment for a man of unquestionable genius, versatility of talents, knowledge of the world, and a consummate master of the poetical language of our best ancient dramatic writers. Let us hope that Aristophanes may yet be our own.

(*a*) RICHARD JOSEPH SULLIVAN, Esq. F.R.S. and F.A.S. author of "Philosophical Rhapsodies, &c. and of a work entitled "A View of Nature, in Letters to a Traveller among the Alps, with Reflections on Atheistical Philosophy now exemplified in France, in six vol. 8vo." Printed for T. Becket, Pall Mall. A work of labour and of general utility, digested from original writers with judgment and with an upright virtuous heart, in a pleasing and instructive manner. I dwell with affection on such a character as Mr. Sullivan; and, if this were the place and if India were the theme, I might make honourable mention of the works and excellence of his Brother, JOHN SULLIVAN, Esq.

(*b*) It is pleasing and satisfactory to think that *all* books which are absolutely required to strengthen, exalt, purify, and inform the understanding, and consequently to correct and en-

They give the life-blood, nutriment and health;

And laugh to scorn the insolence of wealth.

OCTA-

large the affections and the heart, are of easy access and of easy price. With the luxury of learning and the modern elegance of types and paper, I have nothing to do, but earnestly ~~to deprecate all needless extravagance and brilliant folly in new publications,~~† if they are designed to be of service to the world, and to be purchased. The august and sublime monuments of religion and of genius may be adorned without blame, or rather with great commendation. When the Bible, Shakspeare, and Milton appear in all the splendour of typographic art and the magnificence of decoration from the pencil, who does not feel a secret pride in the honour reflected on the discerning liberality of his country? Such books may be considered as typographical pictures by eminent artists. Pictures however are not necessary for the closet of a student! but they may adorn the museums of a nation or an university, and dignify the repositories of the opulent and patrician literati. Atticus is magnificent in such patronage, though Rutilus may incur some censure. This is a noble and a laudable use of the superfluity of wealth. It is also political in the highest degree. In times like these men of talents and genius, when unemployed and let loose upon the world, become too frequently the pests of society and the canker worms of the community.—It is indeed high time to awake out of sleep, and to discern the peculiar use of every blessing. In all our actions, we should have a view to the stability of society and of well-regulated government. It becomes us all to observe and separate the essential and unvarying laws of order from the principles of confusion, and the dictates of sound sense from the wildness of ungoverned fancy and of presumptuous intellect; that the grand end and aim may at last be effected, that we may, by choice and conviction, turn from *lying vanities* to the spirit of truth and of life.

† Every man has reprobated the manner of printing the *glossy* account of the British Embassy to China, as published by Sir George Staunton, in 4to, and the public has not forgotten the unreasonable demand upon them in the increased price, in open violation of the original agreement and proposal. Was it for this, Sir George, that the E. I. Company gave THREE THOUSAND POUNDS for the plates? I shall at present say nothing of the work as a composition.

OCTAVIUS.

Here close the strain: and o'er your studious hour
 May truth preside and virtue's holiest pow'r! 610
 Still be your knowledge temp'rate and (e) discreet,
 Though not as Jones sublime, as Bryant great;

T 2

Pre-

(e) The advice of Octavius is good, but not applicable to a man so insignificant as his friend.—But to men of knowledge and of ability in every department of life it is of deep importance. I lament and am indignant, when I think of such a scholar as Dr. Parr, and the waste of erudition and talents. Let him stand for a genus. The want of discretion and prudence has ruined more men of learning and genius than the time would allow me to mention. Without this sobriety of intellect nothing is strong, nothing is great. Without this prudence, without a discernment of time and circumstance, and *the habit of regularity*, without an attention to the decencies of society and of common life and of the principles by which all men, however gifted, *must* indiscriminately be conducted, all our attainments are nothing worth. They will never procure us esteem or respectability among men. The world will but smile at such scholars; and ministers, when called upon to promote them, will tell you not without reason, "*they are not producible*." Let me give two passages on this subject, one from Milton, the other from Dr. Johnson, variously applicable and of deepest consequence.

"He who reads
 Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
 A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
 Uncertain and unsettled still remains,
 Deep vers'd in books, and shallow in himself,
 Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys,
 As children gathering pebbles on the shore."

P. R. b. 4. v. 322.

To

* The words of the Duke of Newcastle on such an occasion, when he was Prime Minister in George the Second's reign. They were spoken of a man, whose genius, talents, eloquence and erudition honoured and supported the Church of England. And he was not promoted.

Prepar'd to prove in Senate, or the Hall,
 That states by learning rise, by learning fall;
 Serene, not senseless, through the awful storm, 615
 In principle sedate, to shun (f) Reform;

To

To men of genius (as at least they are called) Dr. Johnson gave this solemn admonition: " This relation (of the life of SAVAGE) will not be wholly without it's use, if those who, in confidence of superior capacities or attainments, *disregard the common maxims of life*, shall be reminded that nothing will supply the want of prudence; and that negligence and irregularity, long continued, will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible." Dr. Johnson's Life of Savage, at the conclusion.

" Deign on the passing world to cast thine eyes,

" *And pause awhile from letters, TO BE WISE.*"

(f) No factions ever proceeded to attempt A REVOLUTION in any country, but first under the pretence and through the Medium of A REFORM. We have been told with effrontery and with falshood, that the Constitution of England exists only in the imagination; yet we may read the Bill of Rights. The fact is this. Modern framers of political constitutions will never be satisfied, till they are laid down like the elements of mathematics in the manner of Euclid. Definitions, Axioms, Postulates, primary propositions, subsequent propositions, built upon and proved by the preceding, with corollaries and deductions. One strange writer, (perhaps it is the first time the reader ever heard of him) says, " A CONSTITUTION must be produced *intire and at the same time*, it must be simple in it's construction, " and PERFECT in all it's parts." Malkin's Essays on Civilization, 8vo. (1795) p. 122. I had fondly thought that Lord Bacon

The words of the Duke of Newcastle on such an occasion, when he was Prime Minister in George the Second's reign. They were spoken of a man whose genius, talents, eloquence and erudition had adorned and supported the Crown of England. And he was not answered.

To mark man's intellect, it's strength and bound,

Nor

Bacon had distinguished the works of nature from those of art, in that masterly and memorable sentence, "*Natura omnium partium rudimenta simul parit et procreat.*" (De Augm. Scient.) I suppose a political Constitution is the work of human art. Indeed if Mr. Malkin were describing a *perfect* poem, epic or tragic, he could not have expressed himself more critically. Yet thus it is, that *our* present theoretical writers sport with man and his passions. They certainly consider *us all* as passive machines, and *they apply their labor*, with as much cool indifference to their fellow creatures, and with as little feeling, as they would *apply the axe* or any mechanical instrument to lop a tree or to raise a weight. Their systems uniformly proceed on this principle. They never vary. Mercy is not in all their thoughts; there is neither allowance for human frailty, nor revision of judgment. Man has offended: he *must* die the death. "*Gnossius hæc Rhadamanthus habet DURISSIMA REGNA.*" We have all seen and felt, *what* the revolutionary principle *is*. We must never for a moment forget, that the object of France, from her *first* revolution, has been and is *to change the government in every state in Europe* and in every part of the world which she can pervade or influence. Look in Germany, in Belgium, in Italy, in Spain, in the isles of the Eastern or of the Western Archipelago; cast your view, broad and unrestrained, from the dominions of the Porte to the banks of the Ohio or the Mississippi, not a state, not a fortress, not a work, not a fragment of nature or of art, not a cliff, not a torrent, not a precipice, but has felt the shock and impulse of revolutionary terror. *Abyssus abyssum invocat!* One deep has called upon another, the winds have blown the signal of encounter, and the cataracts are roaring and conflicting; or in the resounding language of the poet of Panopolis †,

Συνερχομένων νεφελῶν μυχῆτορι βομβῶν
Βρονταίν βαρυδάκρυτος ἐβόμβεεν οὐμβριος πύχῳ!

† Nonnus, Dionys. Lib. 41. v. 84. p. 1059. Edit. Hanov. 1610.

Nor deem stability on change to found ;

To

I must claim excuse and indulgence for my expressions. My mind is either borne down or hurried away with the terrors of impending desolation, and the overthrow or confusion of fixed, regulated, established government. My sensations are solitary; but they are deep. Την ψυχην μου διερχεται Πομφηια. I have indeed the consolation and honourable friendship, and I am not without the approval of a few who are wise and good: but I cannot say that "in my life time I have had too much of noise and compliment.†" I have risen in silence; and in peace and privacy it is my desire to set and to depart. But can any of us see what we have seen, and not labour to avert it from our own country? If I could conceive a being of less political significance than myself, I would call even on him for assistance. *The object, the undiverted object of France is THE OVERTHROW OF ENGLAND!* Nos Nostraque, the form of our government, the fundamental laws, and the principles by which property is acknowledged and secured. These have been attacked by assault, by storm, by breach, by sedition, by the arms of ribaldry, of obscenity, of blasphemy. At one time they open upon us the floodgates of treason and madness, at another they sap the foundation by a circuitous stream winding and working unperceived. *They know* that a Revolution can alone be effected *by a Reform*. There is no other mode. A state may prove bankrupt; but a revolution is not the necessary consequence of bankruptcy. I view with fear the finances of Great Britain, but not without a rational hope of final though tardy restoration. The proposal of Reform is my specific apprehension. The proposers of Reform, such as Mr. Pitt formerly and Mr. Grey at present, I firmly

† An expression in the affecting Will of the Rt. H. Edmund Burke. What declaration, what testimony, what experience will convince us of the "Vera bona atque illis multum diversa, remota erroris-nebula?"

To feel with Mirabeau that "Words are (g) Things,"

While

firmly believe are without bad intentions. But I would resist them both. I confess I never could understand the great Lord Chatham's celebrated expression of "infusing a portion of *new* health into the constitution to enable it to bear its infirmities." Junius (in his very last letter) calls it "brilliant and full of intrinsic wisdom." For my own part, I think it but false glitter and full of intrinsic nonsense, when applied politically. It is mere rage of metaphor. It is to call the mind a sheet of white paper, till at last we are brought to think the resemblance to be the very thing signified. The use of metaphor is to illustrate, not to prove. But we are always cheating and deluding ourselves. Government, take it in any of its complex forms, can be carried on but in three ways: by unsullied principle and undeviating virtue in the Governors and perhaps in the people; by force and terror; or by mitigated law and influence. Who does not wish for the first? who expects to see it? In states highly civilized, the mixed mode of law and influence on the minds of free agents appears to me the only mode in which tranquillity, security, and general happiness can be tolerably preserved, with the allowance of human frailty. I detest corruption, open or secret, as much as any man. But when I see an assembly formed on any principles however sublime, or deep, or disinterested, I remember it is formed of men. Menander said long ago: ἄνθρωπος! ἔκκνη προφασίς. It is man; his name explains the rest. I never will consent to think, that Government is a matter of perpetual experiment. Graft new regulations upon the old principles by a gradual removal of what is absurd, obsolete, useless, or an incumbrance. It was the boast of Citizen Lord Stanhope, that he would teach the Judges law, and the Bishops religion. I have no such ambition: but at present I would recommend to Charles Abbott Esq. M.P. the new *Digester* of our Laws, not to be too subtle in the process.

It

While in Delusion's ear their magic rings, 620
Through

It is not every political chemist who can throw off into his work the spirit of legislation, unmingled with the grosser dregs and feculence of the mass. Caution is not timidity. Let us now and at all times be vigilant with determinate courage. We know what freedom, what equality of power among the citizens, what fraternity, what comfort, what happiness and what security France has offered, and given too, to all countries, who have either bowed voluntarily, or have been subjected, to her tyranny. Take Cicero's expressions. As to themselves; *Licet, quod videtur, publicum judicare; quod judicaverint, vendere.* As to other nations, friend or foe; *Perspicere non potest, utrum severitas acerbior, an benignitas quaestuosior sit.* Such are the words in that elaborate and consummate Oration on the *Agrarian Law*, which every man would do well to read and consider in the original or in a translation. It is peculiarly pertinent to the present time. When Demosthenes raised his mighty voice against a decree proposed by one Aristocrates, he bespoke the attention of his audience as to a private man, who had neither part in the administration of the state nor influence from his connections. He bespoke their favour on this ground. He thought the interest of Athens was alone a sufficient plea. "Επειδαν ὅχι των ἐνοχλητῶν ὑμᾶς, ὅδε των τε πολιτευομένων καὶ πιστευομένων παρ' ὑμῖν ὦν, πρᾶγμα τῆλικῶτον φημι δεῖξιν πεπραγμένον."† For my own part without any other pretension, political or literary, than the love I feel to my country, her laws, her ordinances, and her government, and the labour I have exerted to understand and to preserve them, I would remind my Countrymen in this perilous and pressing hour, of the eloquent words of Demosthenes, as they are recorded by Lucian; "Constitutions and doctrines like these you never will decree, till you have first removed or overthrown THE ALTAR OF MERCY!" The words

† Κατὰ Ἀριστοκράτους.—Demosth. Op. Gr. Ed. Benen. 1570. p. 403.

Through states, or armies, in the camp, or street,

U

And

words of the original are full of dignity: Μη προτερον, ω Αθη-
ναιοι, Ψηφισαθε, αν μη τω ΕΛΕΟΥ τον Εωμον καθελητε. Lu-
cian Demonax. p. 555. Fol. Bourdelotii.

(g) A celebrated saying of the famous Mirabeau, in the be-
ginning of the French Revolution.—I would, in this concluding
note, observe with great earnestness and affection to my coun-
try, that in all the departments of society, government, religion,
or literature, the French have all times maintained *one unvarying*
system of deception, when under the ancient monarchy, or now under
the iron tyranny of their new republic. Their manner of rea-
soning is, and always has been, *sophistical*. We are in perpe-
tual danger of being misled by the appearance of reason. We
have always ground for distrust. Take a specimen from thou-
sands and tens of thousands of instances. Many years ago, in
a collection entitled “Lettres Historiques et Politiques,”
a French Statesman used these words to Mr. D’Alembert. “Je
“ne veux point *admettre* dans les *arrets* de Conseil un *vrai* *trivial*,
“une clarté *trop familiere*. Je veux un *vrai* *de recherche*, une
“clarté elegante, une naïveté fine, *toute brillante de termes pom-*
“*peux*, relevés *inopinément* de phrases arrondies, de *vocatifs in-*
“*termediaires* et d’*adverbes indéfinis*.” Lett. Hist. et Polit. Vol.
4. p. 176. Nothing can be more characteristic of French States-
men. Be but sufficiently *unintelligible*, have but your *vocatifs*
intermediaires et your *adverbes indéfinis*, and the business is done.
Language without meaning, phrases to blind the people, and
ideas to delude. But when the scheme is accomplished, *and*
when they obtain the power, their language is perfectly intelligible.
—Next take an instance in literature. Men of learning have
always had a proper value for the Greek language, for reasons
too obvious for me to state. In general the French are ignorant

PART IV.

of

And now a school revolts, and now A FLEET.

Go,

of it. Indeed Mr. Camus (*the Deputy*) some time ago published an edition of Aristotle *Περὶ Ζωῶν*, moderate enough as I thought from a slight inspection. But in general the French Philosophers, who by their works prepared the Revolution, are perpetually despising or ridiculing the Greek language. I only speak of their *manner* of effecting their purpose. One of the acutest and most insidious of them all, Mr. D'Alembert, has these words, "*Ah, si vous saviez le Grec !—Ceux qui savent, ou croient savoir, l'Hebreu, l'Arabe, le Syriac, le Copte ou le Copte (as if he cared how it was pronounced,) le Persan, ou le Chinois, pensent et parlent de même et par les memes raisons.*" D'Alembert *Mélanges de Literature et de Philosophie*. Vol. 5. p. 526. We see, the French Philosopher by confounding the Arabic, Coptic, Syriac and Chinese with the Greek, insinuates that there is an *equal use* in them all, that is, to the *generality* of scholars and to the world at large, *little or no use* at all. This does not merit any answer; but we see the nature of a French Philosopher's proof and the manner of his argument. In short, he either knows every thing, or there is no manner of use at all in any thing that he does not know. Q.E.D. I think from continued observation, I understand the nature of these men. Their literature, their politics, their philosophy, all terminate in the same point. "*Croyez Moi,*" are the words, whether they speak to an individual, or to the nations of the universe.—Now, since the Revolution, from reasoning they have betaken themselves to single words. Deception still. Mirabeau said true, "*Words are things.*" I cannot help observing that the Athenians (whose government was popular, and consequently tyrannical, and manured with the blood of her own citizens) had a custom of softening the

Go, warn in solemn accents bold and brief,

U 2

The

the appellation of things which naturally conveyed an idea of terror. This may be found in a most curious extract, preserved by the very learned Photius from the 4th book of the *Chrestomathia* of HELLADIUS BESANTINUS; the words are these.

“ Το μη δυσφημα λεγειν πασι τοις Παλαιois φροντις ην, μαλιστα
“ δε τοις Αθηναιοις· διο και το Δεσποτηριον οικημα εκαλην, και
“ τον Δημιον Κοινον, τας δε Ερινυας σεμνας θεας· κτλ.” Photii

Bibliothec. Sect. 279. pag. 1593. Edit. 1653. In the same manner the French apply the terms *Equality, Liberty, Fraternity*, &c. for Tyranny, Desolation, Oppression and Plunder. This is we'll understood. It would be presumption to enlarge on this subject to a kingdom so enlightened, so dignified, and I may add so prepared as Great Britain. We have every thing to lose. We have, under our own form of government, comfort, protection, honour, security, and happiness. The price of preserving them is indeed great, very great; but the price of anarchy, reform, and inextricable confusion, would be greater beyond all calculation. We have a foe powerful and perhaps unrelenting. But all states yield at last to circumstances; and policy will grant what affection would refuse. The most ardent wish of my heart is a *SECURE PEACE*, after a war for ever to be deplored, bloody, fatal, and expensive beyond all example; but which I always believed, and still believe, to have been *INEVITABLE*. We have *still* many and great Resources; but the times never called with so loud and so commanding a voice for wisdom, discernment, and integrity, for temperate, and timely, and *gradual* concession with dignity and security, and for an œconomy rigid and undeviating, *on the part of our governors*; and for obedience, acquiescence under temporary pressure, alacrity in defence, and vigilance, and loyalty, and *STEADINESS in all the subjects of this land*. We have no need

of

The slumb'ring Minister, or factious Chief,

Mourn

of the Roman † *Armilustrum*; our arms are purified already. Our Soldiers are loyal, and honourable, and without spot. They have been weighed in the balance, and found perfect. And I trust our naval flag will never again wave but in defiance to our enemies. We are not lost, if we continue firm. We must remember that all the leagues of French Factions and their Leaders, in England or in any country, never relent. They know not the meaning of the term. There is as much mercy in them, to use the phrase of Shakspeare, *as there is milk in a male Tiger*. If they are called upon to retract, or to declare their full purpose, or to render their reasons to the country, they give us manifestos and declarations from their clubs. They tell us of corruption, and reform, and all the sophisms of anarchy and revolution. So thundered the Orator of Athens against such men: “*Ἀντί τε αποδεναι, σοφισματα εὐρισκῃσι, καὶ παραγραφάς, καὶ προφασεῖς, πονηροτάτοι ἀνθρώπων καὶ ἀδικωτάτοι.*”* But Justice has her balance, and the sword is not borne in vain. “*At home* (I take the words of Sir John Finch in the 4th of Charles I.) *at any rate AUTHORITY MUST BE VINDICATED from contempt, SINCE THE LIFE OF GOVERNMENT IS REPUTATION.*” And we should remember, that “None are so bold as the factious in company, none so fearful apart.” We may have good hope, for we have a good cause. When perhaps the greatest statesman and the greatest orator that ever headed an opposition, demands an audience of his Sovereign, I would willingly suppose, that the principle of his heart is *not democratic*; though I think his principles *in general*, are very dangerous at this time. I would hope we may yet be redeemed. It was the boast

† See Varro de Ling. Lat. Lib. 5. 3. for the word and the illustration of it. Festus also may be consulted.

* Vid Demosthen. Orat. *Προς τὴν Λακρίτε παραγραφὴν*.—Dem. Ed. Gr. Benenati 1570. p. 346. Why will not our Statesmen study Demosthenes? Is he not allowed to be the very first political Orator? Mr. Fox virtually understands his manner better than any man in England. He does not exert it for the same good end.

Mourn proudest empires prostrate in the dust, 625

Tiaras,

boast of the Roman Emperor Augustus, that he found the City of brick, and left it of marble. I trust we shall not reverse this memorable saying. I trust that *the public credit* of the nation will revive, and that *in this respect*, when speaking of Mr. PITT, it will not be engraven with an iron pen and in the rock of England for ever, "*Auream invenit, chartaceam reliquit.*" I think I can discern the firm establishment of lawful constitutional power in the plunges of meditated convulsion; and the return of day in the moment of greatest obscurity. I have loved my country from my earliest years, from a conviction of the excellence of the Constitution and of that balanced liberty it was formed to maintain. I am grateful for the protection and the blessings it has afforded, and is yet mighty to preserve.—I am *again*, (much against my will, and I sincerely apologize for repeating the subject,) *finally* called upon to declare, with solemnity and with that truth which I have ever revered and preserved, that this whole composition, verse and prose, is the work of *one* hand. In this assertion I have no mental reservation. I never wore the weeds of Dominic, or drank from the cup of Loyola. If this declaration will not suffice, I shall leave the sable birds of detraction to the hoarseness of their own clamours and to the worms on which they feed. I shall soar upward to the source and fountain of light. It is also frequently insinuated and sometimes boldly asserted, to be written *in conjunction* with many learned and eloquent friends in the groves and retreats of our beloved *Academy*. It is true indeed, "By the waters of *Cam* I have sat down and wept, when I remembered thee, O Sion! as for my harp, I have often hanged it up among the trees that are therein." I wished to "sing one of the songs of Sion." But, as it seems, it is an honourable *Conspiracy*, a *Conspiracy* to vindicate,

Tiaras, fanes, and pontiffs, crown and bust,

And

cate, to recommend, and to upho'd the cause of government, of Christian religion, of learning, and of good manners! Would it were so! Such united talents might do their perfect work. I have only to lament the unworthiness of him who has presumed, without assistance or co-operation, to undertake that office ALONE;

"To intermit no watch

AGAINST THE WAKEFUL FOE, and wide abroad

Through all the coasts of dark destruction SEEK

DELIVERANCE FOR US ALL!"

If indeed I had either personal hope or personal fear in the political or in the literary world, I think it will be allowed that I should not have published this work. He must reconcile contradictions who will dispute this assertion. Whom have I courted? to whom have I bowed? I am no tory. Arbitrary power in any shape is my abhorrence. I have walked in the school of Locke, and have passed through that of Sidney. But I have, in this hour of maturest reflection, approved and held fast the tempered doctrines which uphold government and prevent confusion. In the political matters of *this* time, my suit and service is not rendered *personally* to Mr. Pitt. *Upon me he can have no claim.* My service is to my Country, and my praise to the Minister of the Crown of Great Britain. My praise is to HIM, who by deliberate and undaunted firmness, with an unblenched dignity, by commanding powers in speech and argument, and by vigorous measures, though without that promptitude of decision which marked his great Father, has preserved and supported (long may he preserve and support them!) the principle and stability of the English government and constitution. *The main voice of England goes with me in this.* Such I esteem Mr. PITT: as such I honour him. *Am I his enemy?* I see his errors and his vices too, and I lay no flattering unction to them. I am alive to all his public virtues,

and

And last, as through the smould'ring flames you turn,

Snatch

and I would correct their aberrations, for they are many. As to Mr. Fox; that he has not discerned the signs of these times, I will not assert: but *that* his imprudence, his unbridled licence of language, and his plunging desperate doctrines in times like these in and out of Parliament, have alienated the mind of his Country from Him, that I will maintain. If I were to give credence to *all* his speeches which I have either heard or read, I must declare them to be the doctrines of a man ripe and ready for *any* revolution. If he is honest in his opinion, I can neither think nor pronounce him honest to his country. He should not have *thus* exhibited himself in the House or on the Hustings. *Non hoc ista sibi tempus spectacula poscit!* I pass over the primrose path of dalliance on St. Ann's Hill; though I would fain cast a withering look on the nocturnal orgies of dicing depredation and of patrician plunder before the walls of the palace, in the very face of a virtuous and insulted SOVEREIGN. I will separate the man from the leader of opposition. I am ready to bow, and I do bow, to his genius, to his political eloquence without an equal, to his knowledge various, deep, and extensive. His pleasantry, his social friendly disposition, and the good temper of his private conversation are acknowledged. But if he is ever to direct the councils of this kingdom, he must tread back *almost all* his steps. If he turns to our government, *he must be born again*. With opinions bold and candid as these I might obtain some respect and perhaps some attention from the public, but I could hardly please either Mr. Pitt or Mr. Fox. If I sought personal fame; my motive is still more visionary. No man can account for it. He who loved fame best* said of it, "Just what you hear you have." I am wholly unknown. It is very proper that I should be so. Yet I would be understood even on this point. I have not the sacred fear of a coward, but the deliberate

courage

* Mr. Pope.

Snatch THE PALLADIUM, though the Temple
burn. 628

courage which is inspired by reflection, and the confidence which I am proud to repose in honourable friendship. Some literary and political enterprizes are indeed rather hazardous in their nature. Mine are of that number. Yet I love decorum and I would be guided by discretion; but it is not the form only of those virtues, refined through certain strainers, that I would preserve, it is the spirit. I would have gentleness without timidity, and decision without presumption. But I *must* feel the pressing nature of the time, the burthens, the terrors, the perils, and the necessity OF THE STATE. Whoever would do a public service, must forget himself. His remuneration is from within. As to myself, however unavailing my actions, my sentiments, my abilities, or my services, they are UNKNOWN, UNBOUGHT, UNSOLICITED, and shall be UNALTERED. In spirit, in principle, and in affection, my words and my thoughts are these:

Non ante revellar

*Exanimem quam te complectar ROMA, tumque
Nomen, LIBERTAS, et inanem prosequar umbram !**

* Lucan. L. 2. v. 301.

August 1797.

THE END.